The People's Press.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One Copy one year, ... $1.50
" " six months, ...75
" " three " 50

The People's Press.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, the Markets and General Information.

VOL. XXIX. SALEM N. C., JUNE 23, 1881. NO. 24.

JOB PRINTING

THE PRESS JOB DEPARTMENT

Is supplied with all necessary material, and is fully prepared to do work with NEATNESS, DISPATCH,

VERY LOWEST PRICES

Be sure to give us a trial before contracting with anyone else.

A June Day.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?
Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

—*James Russell Lowell.*

THE MUTINEERS.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Herbert!" said the captain's nephew, Malcolm Sherwood, who was also first officer on board the Albatross.

Helen stepped out of the cabin on the main-deck, and the young man—who could boast a certain kind of good looks, but whose assurance and self-conceit were too apparent for a gentleman—came toward her, cap in hand, bowing gallantly.

She avoided his glance of bold admiration while returning his greeting, and looking out over the ship's side at the smooth and shining waves, exclaimed:

"Oh, how lovely the sea looks this morning!"

"I wish it were a garden, where I could gather you a bouquet," said Malcolm. "Beautiful women like you, should always be surrounded with flowers. But isn't there something I can offer you? Ah, yes, a nautilus! I saw some a few moments ago, and remembered your wish."

He turned quickly. Only two men were in sight on the leeward-side of the galley. One was coiling rope in front of a locker, the other was tarring the bung of a water-cask.

"Drop that, you lubber, and swing a bucket over the side, d'ye hear?" cried Mr. Malcolm Sherwood, first mate of the A No. 1 government-built clipper Albatross, among whose graceful accomplishments the art of addressing his men as if they were brutes was pre-eminent. "Scoop me a good specimen nautilus, and don't spoil it with your bungling either."

As he had not spoken to either of the sailors by name, it would have been difficult to tell which he meant. Only one turned round—a fine-looking seaman, fair-skinned, ruddy, blue-eyed and flaxen-haired. He dropped his caulking-pot, caught up a wooden bucket, made its rope-handle fast to another rope by a running-knot, and throwing back his broad shoulders with a lithe motion of his shapely figure, he prepared to launch it over the gunwale, when the mate roared out with a gush of oaths that he didn't mean him.

"You're too ready with your desire to show off," he muttered between his teeth; and, seeing that the other sailor continued to quietly pursue his labor, as if unconscious of his existence, the brutal tempered officer rushed on him in a rage, and with a violent blow felled him to the deck, where he lay without a motion.

"You've struck a sick man, Mr. Sherwood," said the fair and brawny sailor, who was a Dane, and bore the soubriquet of Neptune among his fellows. "Poor lad! he fell on his marlingspike off the Plata, and he hasn't been himself since. He's deaf, too, and didn't hear you."

Helen had uttered a cry of horror as the mate's clenched fist descended on the slender rope-coiler. She knew him by his pale face and painful cough; and although her father's illness had heretofore allowed her little time for any duty except waiting on him, she had sent many delicacies to the forecastle by Zillah, her maid, for this same sick sailor. As he fell, she ran to his side.

Neptune stood with his arms folded, with a strange expression on his dead-white face.

"Don't fret yourself, miss," he said, in a cold and bitter tone; "if poor Pierre has got his discharge he's in luck. There's plenty more willing to leave this service the same way, for want of a better."

A gleaming smile, full of contempt and suppressed anger, played round his thin lips, and he looked steadily in Malcolm's face, as it defying him.

Such daring could not pass with impunity. If the mate was silent a moment, it was because his fury mastered his utterance.

"Mr. Shelton—Mr. Frero!" he ejaculated, as soon as he could speak.

An elderly man, whose originally fine face was marred by signs of habitual intemperance, sauntered out of the cabin, and a slight and youthful fellow, with flashing, black eyes and a quick, nervous movement of the body, seemed to drop from the shrouds on deck.

Both made an inclination of the head in reply to the savage mate's call, and addressing first the younger of the two, by the name of Frero, he ordered him at once to put the sailor Neptune in irons.

For a moment the young man, who was third mate and also ship's carpenter, stood silent; the next, he flatly refused to obey.

Meantime, the frightened girl had helped the young Frenchman to rise from the deck, and was gently supporting him toward the forecastle when two Norwegians, called Christian and Oddo, relieved her of her charge, and lifting him in their arms bore him away.

She stood looking till his poor, drooping head disappeared down the gangway, and then, hurrying around the windward sides of the galley, tried to gain the cabin without encountering the man whose brutality made him odious in her eyes; but just as she reached the main deck she saw Sherwood with his own hands snap the irons on Neptune's wrist, while his maudlin assistant did the same for Frero.

Her heart beat high; she trembled from head to foot; and, clinging to the water casks as she passed along, she gained the cabin-door.

The cabin was fitted up with unusual elegance. Sofas of blue damask, blue silken hangings, handsome mirrors and well-cushioned fauteuils, rendered it a really luxurious apartment.

At its upper end were two very large staterooms, in which every appliance for comfort and pleasure were arrayed, and where taste, ingenuity and wealth had united to foil the exhaustion and tedium of a long voyage.

This unwonted splendor was readily explained. The ship belonged to a very wealthy merchant, who, with his only child, took this long westward voyage, in the full conviction that it would thoroughly establish his health.

As yet it had been unsuccessful in this most important item. Mr. Herbert was so entirely an invalid that his affectionate and unselfish daughter hid all the painful and alarming scenes to which she was exposed, and never appeared in his presence with a shadow on her fair face.

To achieve this required not only a most disinterested nature, but a courageous one, and Helen Herbert's was truly the heart and soul of a heroine.

Entering the cabin, her first glance was directed toward her father's door. It was closed, a sign that his morning slumber had been prolonged—and she rejoiced at the evidence of needed rest. It gave her time to quiet her own excitement, and also to think of the poor French sailor.

Once or twice she called her maid's name, in a low voice; but no one responded, and she concluded that Zillah, a pretty quadroon girl and a tireless flirt, was showing off her graces as usual for the benefit of the steward, a mulatto from the Isle of France.

"I cannot let the poor fellow suffer," she said, by way of encouragement to herself, and immediately walked up to one of the small doors opening out of the cabin, and tapped lightly.

It opened instantly, and a dark, handsome young gentleman stood before her, who bowed profoundly.

"Oh, Dr. Conroy, pray excuse me!" she said, becoming confused the moment she found herself face to face with the silent young physician. "I am sorry to trouble you, I am sure, but poor Pierre is ill again, and I will be so glad if you will go to him."

Percy Conroy, the ship's doctor, bowed again to Miss Herbert, and in her presence he was always strangely reticent; but he strove to prove, by the extreme readiness of his movements in serving her, the deep respect which was already expressed in his every look and action.

She and he had not been strangers before their meeting on shipboard. He was a young man of excellent position in society, and they had met occasionally in fashionable life, when he had inspired her with a decided admiration for his manner and abilities.

But, to her pain and surprise, he returned her outburst of cordial pleasure at discovering him to be their fellow-voyager with a distant and reserved respect which had continued despite his devotion to her father, whose untiring nurse, as well as physician, he had constituted himself.

This ceremonious treatment chilled poor Helen's heart. She shrunk within herself, abashed at his deferential silence, and often sought her own stateroom, after one of his distant but profound bows, with a heartache, eager to hide her bitter, burning tears.

She did not note how, do as he might to conceal it, his color changed at sight of her, nor dream that silence only preserved the secret of his emotions in her presence.

"He avoids me. I am actually disagreeable to him," she often exclaimed, in a burst of tears; and then added, with a heavy sigh: "And yet he is so kind—so very kind—to my dear father. I am grateful to him. I cannot help that, I am sure."

On this morning he was in such haste to obey her that he started at once, even without waiting to close the stateroom door.

As he left the cabin it blew back and lodged against the wall, leaving, for the first time, open to Helen's inspection the little room in which he had spent the greater part of their long voyage.

It was neat and pretty as the chamber of a young girl. Everything was in exquisite order, from his tiny library of books to his still more compact case of medicines.

A few small pictures were fastened to the wall. One was a crayon sketch of a fair, girlish face, with fluffy, golden curls, and a broad-brimmed hat, just such an one as she wore on deck to protect her from the sun.

There was a familiar look about it. Had she seen the original anywhere?

The thought made her unhappy. She dismissed it quickly, and cast her eyes on the stationary desk before which his arm-chair was placed.

It was covered with books and chemical apparatus; but on its top stood—Could it be? No, no! her eyes deceived her; and yet it really was her own discarded slipper!

Its mate had slipped off her foot on deck, and been carried through a flowing scupper into the sea. While she stood merrily laughing at the mishap Zillah had brought out another pair, which she put on, forgetting the odd one until after it had disappeared. She recalled how she had searched for it, merely from idle curiosity as to its fate; and here it was.

"What could have induced him—" she began, but did not complete the question.

A footstep sounded without, and she sprang up and shut the room door before any eye but hers should rest on its simple treasures.

Mr. Sherwood came into the cabin. The angry cloud was gone from his brow, and he stood beaming on Helen most amiably.

"I am afraid our timid dove was alarmed at our harsh sea discipline," he said, with a caressing gesture that his daring did not quite carry to her shrinking form. "But, my sweet friend, it is necessary. We cannot sail without it. It is as needful to a ship as a fair wind."

"Helen!"

"Yes, papa!" exclaimed the indignant girl; and, delighted to escape from Malcolm's unwelcome presence, she hastened to join her father.

She found him very much shaken by a painful dream, from which he had not been quite able to arouse himself.

"Where's the captain, Helen?" he inquired. "Where's John Sherwood, the sailing-master of the Albatross? I hope he doesn't leave his work to boobies and land-lubbers, but does his duty like a man, and watches his ship as if it were a human life! Eh, child? eh?"

"Yes, yes, papa—certainly!" Helen tried to say calmly, while in her heart she knew that Captain Sherwood intrusted the vessel and all it held to the management of his nephew, Malcolm, while he gave himself up, day after day, more and more completely to the baleful influence of intemperance.

In times past the captain had been an excellent and accomplished officer. Such he was, in Mr. Herbert's experience and belief; and it was owing to his unwavering trust in his seamanship that he had not only engaged him as commander of his ship, but yielded to him the entire selection of the crew.

Had the unfortunate captain secured an able and reliable assistant officer, his own failings might have been concealed, or, at least, productive of no absolute evil; but he was entirely ruled by his nephew, who had contrived to establish a strange influence over him; and Malcolm Sherwood was, as we have seen, a man of narrow mind and brutal passions.

"You look pale and appear nervous, Helen," said her father, observing her uneasily. "Is anything wrong? Where is Doctor Conroy, child? I do wish you would be more agreeable to that young man. He is of infinite service to me, and I can't get on without his attentions. It would make it so much pleasanter if you were friends and seemed at ease with each other."

Mr. Herbert, like all sick people, was at times fretful and impatient.

Such was his tone on this occasion; but his daughter was a loving, unselfish being, who thought far more of him than of any petty annoyance of her own. It was impossible to explain what she could not quite understand—namely, the coldness of Percy Conroy's manner, and secret devotion of his acts.

It made her heart beat to suffocation to hear his name, and then to be reproached for want of courtesy to him.

She tried to smile and murmur some reassuring reply; but presently he appeared, and her father called to him. Then, as was her habit, she slipped quietly away.

* * * * * * * * *

There was an ominous hush on the ship all day. Helen felt, she knew not why, as if some fearful storm was brewing. Contrary to expectation, not a word of comment, not even a look of insubordination, had followed the arrest and ironing of the ship's favorite's—the quick, flashing-spirited mate, and the handsome young Dane.

"I've got the dogs under!" said the boastful and loud-mouthed Malcolm, at the supper-table, with a bullying air.

"There was a couple of sailors came to the captain's door at four bells. They had a paper in their hands," said Shelton, the second mate, who looked serious, and seemed to Helen to be quite sober for the first time since they had rounded Cape Horn.

"Bah!" cried his superior, in a tone of intense disgust. "The idiots had drawn up a remonstrance; but it will be the last job of that sort they'll try. I tore it up and threw it in their faces!"

Helen, looking up, suddenly met the steward's eye while he was busily waiting on the speaker. Its expression was simply murderous, and his eyes glared like a basilisk's. In a moment it changed and a mask seemed to have been pulled over his features; but the remembrance of the look chilled her blood, and filled her with vague, distracting fears.

Her father was unusually weak, and needed more than ordinary attention that evening. It was quite late before she had done waiting on him and he fell into a peaceful doze.

Leaving Zillah to watch him within call, she stepped out again on deck, anxious to learn poor Pierre's condition from one of the sailors.

It was quite dark. She moved so silently, wrapped in a gray mantle, that she reached the mainmast unobserved by two sailors, who were cautiously ascending, one after the other, the steps at the side of the galley-door, on the roof of which, exposed to the blazing sun of a tropic sky, the petty tyrant, Malcolm Sherwood, had chained and ironed the objects of his fury all that day.

They were there yet, bound in a kneeling posture, side by side, and they leaned eagerly over to converse with the two men who moved stealthily toward them.

Helen listened in breathless terror; her own and her father's safety hung on their words, for a growing dread within her soul had taken form, and was now either to be dispelled or realized.

Coming within the shadow of the almost windless sail, her ear strained to agony lest she should lose a word, and her eyes fixed with a fearful fascination on the coarse forms that seemed to decide her destiny, she waited, dreading, yet eager to hear.

The two bound men spoke in sharp, incisive tones; the two free ones listened and agreed.

An awful compact had been made and attested. A few hours would see it fulfilled. Ah, it was true, too true, then. Her instincts had forewarned her, and her worst fears were about to be verified.

She pressed one hand on her heart, the other over her eyes, and called her courage and cunning to her aid; for Helen Herbert was in the midst of mutineers. She had heard their plans discussed, and knew that in five hours lawless madness would reign aboard the Albatross, as a fitting successor to months of brutal tyranny, and that her aid was in the plot, and the will of a conquest of Francois, the Mauritian steward, while she was to fall to the share of Manuel Frero, the young Spaniard, the future commander of the Albatross.

She stood so long in the cool, silent darkness, gathering her frightened wits that it was well her form was slender and her cloak gray, or she would have been discovered.

* * * * * * *

Dr. Percy Conroy had visited the captain that evening, and finding a threatened attack of fever, persuaded him to abate his libations and join him in the cabin at a game of cards.

It was thus engaged that Helen found them both, and though her manner was a little nervous, she looked so charming when she said she had a boon to beg, that old Sherwood, once famed for gallantry, yielded at once.

It was the freedom of the two prisoners whom Malcolm had, she said, forgotten.

While the captain gave orders for their liberation, she went to her father's stateroom and filled two glasses with wine. Into each of these she poured a strong, sleeping potion, and quickly slipped out with them to meet the mutineers.

Every pretty woman knows her power. Helen calculated largely on hers; with gentle words of sympathy and kindness she soothed the savage mood of Manuel and Neptune, and with grateful respect they drank her health in the glasses they drained, allowing her to fill them again and again.

When they retired, and she returned to the cabin, she quickly locked the door behind her, and, first of all extorting from the captain a signed pardon for the offenders, she told the story of their wrongs, as only a roused woman can.

Day by day she had endured to see her father's ship the scene of basest cruelty and meanest persecution. Hour by hour she had shrunk more and more from the ungoverned coarseness and insolence of Malcolm Sherwood.

"My father is ill, and mine is a friendless position," she said, bursting into tears.

Percy Conroy's face was very pale; its changing expression betrayed many powerful emotions, one of the strongest being a sensitive pride and reserve, which at last gave way with a sudden burst of feeling.

"Miss Herbert, if I dared—if I might presume—I would be only too happy to devote my whole life to you," he cried.

She turned to him with streaming eyes, but with a light that like a rainbow spanned her tears.

"Oh, Dr. Conroy, help Captain Sherwood to gain his command of his men! Advise him to pardon every one, and astonish them at once by his decision and his clemency; help him to save us all in this real peril, and papa will owe you a lifelong gratitude; while I—I—"

She sobbed and covered her face with one hand; but the other was held persuadingly toward him. He seized and kissed it fondly.

"First these two, Frero and Neptune, must be secured," he said.

"I think they are perfectly quiet for the night," Helen said, gently.

And she narrated the way she had taken to quell the mutiny, or at least gain time on the mutineers.

It proved effective; the sudden and prolonged slumber of the leaders deferred the attack. Captain Sherwood, roused to his duties, deposed his bullying nephew and took command in person.

The plan proposed by Helen worked like a miracle, and Percy Conroy, whose poverty (for his skill was his only fortune) had held him aloof from the beautiful heiress, was made so active in her and her father's defense that he never retired into himself again, for he became his patient's son-in-law at the end of the voyage, and was, in spite of himself, made a rich man.

"You saved papa and saved me, too," Helen said, when for a moment a sense of his own poverty made him uncomfortable. "If you don't think we are worth anything then you had better have let us go with the mutineers of the Albatross."

The Feet.

Corns—that common bane of mankind—are sure to result from the wearing of any boots that do not fit comfortably and allow ample space for the proper movements of the joints of the feet and the toes; bunions, which are painful tumors formed by an actual inflammation of a small sac or bursa situated over the joint of each great toe; weak ankles, which are very commonly produced by wearing the fashionably made boots with high heels, together with a relaxed condition of the muscles and tendons of the leg; in-growing toe-nails, which are not only most painful, but also take some time to be thoroughly cured, and necessitate actual operative interference; chilblains, which, although they may and do take place in those who do not wear tight boots, are still invariably the outcomes of them, from interrupted circulation; cold feet, from the same cause; and last, but by far the worst of all, an actual diseased condition of one or more joints either of the toes or of the foot itself. All these, then, may be the wages we have to pay for the comparatively small pleasure of being considered possessed of "a pretty foot."

But because you are not to wear tight-fitting boots, it is no reason that you should go to the other extreme and wear the hideous unshaped things that are often seen; all I wish to insist on is that you should be satisfied with the size and shape of the foot Providence may have ordained you to be the possessor of, and do your best to maintain it in its natural and healthy condition. How, then, can this be done but by having your boots made exactly and comfortably to fit you; by never allowing your bootmaker to measure your foot while raised from the ground, remembering that the foot expands quite one-twelfth of its length, and laterally still more, when the weight of the body is upon it; by having a last made of the exact shape of your foot, and always having your boots made upon it; by never wearing those abominable high and narrow-pointed heels, which are positively dangerous, ungainly, and certain to lead to bad results; and, finally, by having the soles of your boots made of fairly substantial thickness, and of not too soft or porous leather.

By these means then, you will be enabled to take the exercise absolutely necessary for your bodily health, to venture upon the longest walks with no dreaded prospect of discomfort, and to retain for your feet in your old age their normal shape and condition; and the price you will have to pay for this much-coveted end is the mere loss of the whispered compliment, dropped from the lips of thoughtless men or ignorant fools, "What a pretty foot!"—*Harper's Weekly*

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Flavor in Poultry.

A writer in the *Country Gentleman* discusses the subject of flavor in fowl's flesh. Among other remarks he says: That breed has something to do with it may not be denied, but that food has more can safely be credited. Food not only affects the flavor, but the quality and quantity also. Fowls that are fattened on corn alone produce not only a sweet-flavored flesh and plenty of it, but the fat is apt to be oily, and possess a strong, unpleasant odor. This is in a great measure governed by the breed. The small fowls will take an enormous weight of fat in comparison with the size. That small fowls are superior where quality is desired is a decided fact; but where quantity is the desideratum, irrespective of other qualities, the larger breeds may be cultivated, especially the Asiatics.

Buckwheat makes fine, white flesh, but nothing flavors it like ground corn and oats intermixed equally, and scalded or mixed with either milk or water, but not enough for the milk to run. This should be given fresh each day, and not allowed to sour or ferment. Fowls require good, sweet food. Musty meal or moldy grain are always unsuitable. For table use, where a fine flavor is desired, fowls should be confined in clean quarters, and be fed on wholesome food for at least one week before slaughter. Where fowls are confined in small compass, some absorbent should be used to neutralize the droppings, otherwise the flesh will become tainted from the disagreeable odor arising therefrom. For this purpose there is nothing better than air-slack lime or unleached wood ashes, where there is sufficient ventilation.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Lime applied to the compost heap will effectually destroy the seeds of weeds.

We found last year that the Beauty of Hebron was subject to scab more than the Snowflake or Early Rose, both of which were planted under the same conditions. Burbank's Seedling is said to be especially free from this disease.

All soils are improved by mixing. The physical properties of the soil have an important influence upon its average fertility. The admixture of pure sand with clay soil produces an alteration which is often beneficial, and which is almost wholly mechanical. The sand opens the pores of the clay and makes it more permeable to the air.

There is no one special fertilizer that will meet all the needs of grass. A good mixed compost is the best. Such a one could be made of swamp muck, rotten leaves or manure, or even earth for the basis, and gypsum, salt, bone flour, or super-phosphate of lime and fish guano or nitrate of soda. Ten loads of the coarse material and 100 pounds each of the others would make an effective top-dressing for an acre; or the artificials might be mixed with one load, and this applied to an acre, if the coarse stuff is scarce.

The cheapest meat for the farmer is mutton. It may safely be said to cost nothing, as the fleece from a sheep of a good breed will pay for its keeping. Then, for additional profit there is a lamb or two, the pelt of the animal if killed at home, the excellent manure from its droppings, and the riddance of the pasture from weeds, to which sheep are destructive foes. With the exception of poultry, mutton is also the most convenient meat for the farmer. A sheep is easily killed and dressed by a single hand in an hour, and in the warmest weather it can be readily disposed of before it spoils. Science and experience both declare it the healthiest kind of meat.

An exchange says: We had a calf which refused to take milk or water. In a pailful of water we put a handful of bran and a bit of sugar. The calf drank the "cocktail" and licked the pail. It grew very fast.

No man will ever get a first-rate, even, or profitable flock of sheep, who does not make a practice of yearly culling.

Facts and experiments go to prove that a cow high in flesh will yield more butter in proportion to the yield of milk than one in low flesh.

Corn requires fertility and cultivation, without which, it matters not how good your seed, you will never have a good crop, however propitious the season may be.

Boiled cabbage and potato skins are highly relished by laying hens. Onions are a regular delicacy for all kinds of poultry.

Vines are said to extract from the soil only about three-fourths the quantity of potash and phosphoric acid which the cereals take up.

Potash is an excellent fertilizer for the grape vine. Fork in around the roots a few pecks of wood ashes. Cow dung contains a large portion of potash and but a comparatively small amount of nitrogen, consequently it is a better fertilizer than horse manure for the grape vine.

A New York farmer writes that he planted eight acres of low, mucky land with red kidney beans. On the twentieth of July, after cultivating the beans for the last time, purple top strap leaf turnips were sown between the rows with a hand drill. The beans yielded twenty-one bushels to the acre, and the turnips were a splendid crop. This, being his first crop of turnips, is a very encouraging experience.

To make a complete manure from swamp muck, says Dr. Stewart, we would proceed as follows: Take of seasoned swamp muck forty bushels, or one two-horse wagon load; mix thoroughly with it five bushels of wood ashes, 100 pounds of fine bone flour, 100 pounds of finely ground plaster and throw it into a heap, in which it will heat and ferment, and leave it for two or three months. This will be equal to twice its bulk of the best cow manure. If night soil could be added to it it would be increased in value.

Recipes.

A SUMMER SOUP.—In an article on "Summer Soups" Mrs. Beecher gives the following as a receipe for a most delicious pea soup: Put half a pound of butter into a soup kettle over the fire and add to it a quart of green peas. Shake them round constantly for fifteen minutes to prevent their browning. Then take out half the peas and set aside; then pour in two quarts of vegetable stock, or some prefer boiling water. Cut fine about a pint of spinach, half a dozen green onions, a little mint if agreeable and a head of celery. Set the kettle where this will stew slowly two hours till the materials are reduced to a jelly, then add the pint of peas reserved, three teaspoonfuls of sweet butter rolled in flour, two tablespoonfuls of salt and one of black pepper. Let it just boil up, then pour into a hot soup tureen and serve immediately.

OLD-FASHIONED GINGERBREAD.—Two cups best New Orleans molasses, one cup hot water, scant half cup melted butter, a heaping teaspoonful soda, a little ginger and salt. Mix as soft as possible and roll out one and a half inches thick. Bake as quickly as you can without scorching, and eat warm or cold with butter.

FRUIT PIES.—Fruit pies in deep dishes, such as are made by the English and French, are preferable to ordinary fruit pie, because you obtain more juice and fruit. The best method of making them is as follows: Take a deep, oval dish, line the edges with a strip of paste, fill with fruit, add sugar to taste, cover with paste, also about half its depth inside. Now place a small cup, an egg cup is best, and one that will stand a little above the edge of the dish; next fill your dish with fruit, then add a little water if your fruit has not too much juice. Some fruits, such as currants and raspberries, have enough juice; also add sugar to taste. Now cover this with a crust of short paste, wash it with water or white of an egg, and dust with powdered sugar. Make a few fancy cuts on it before baking, and after it is washed and sugared do not cut too deep. These cuts give it a rich-looking appearance. The cup in the center collects the juice, and if the whole of the pie is not eaten at one meal what is left can be supplied with juice by simply lifting the cup and allowing the juice to escape. The edge of this pie, to be artistic, should be pinched up with the finger and thumb, then notched with a knife. If you use fruit which gives too much juice you can prevent boiling over by mixing a little flour with the sugar, about one teaspoonful of flour to twelve of sugar.

DOUGHNUTS.—One large egg, four and one-half tablespoonfuls melted butter or lard, one coffee cup sugar, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful ginger bought at the drug store, two of cream tartar from the same place, one of soda dissolved in the milk. Mix the cream tartar with flour enough to make the dough just stiff enough to handle, fry in hot lard, take out and lay on brown paper a moment, then in a dish and grate sugar over them first on one side and then on the other; do not allow them to cool before putting on the sugar.

PRESERVED PLUMS.—Allow to every pound of fruit a pound of sugar; put into stone jars alternate layers of fruit and sugar, and place the jars in a moderately warm oven. Let them remain until the oven is cool. If prepared at tea-time let them remain until morning; then strain the juice from the plums, boil and clarify it. Remove the fruit carefully to glass or china jars; pour over the hot syrup and carefully cover with egg, tissue paper or thick white paper, or bladder tied closely down.

How the Kroumirs Live.

Recent events have given an interest in these people, who dwell in an almost unknown country in North Africa. The dwellings of the Kroumir chiefs are somewhat superior to the other inhabitants, but even the chiefs share their homes with the mules, the cows and the goats. The dwelling consists of but one room, divided into two unequal compartments by a roughly made partition about a meter high. On one side of this wall the family live; on the other the cattle. At the entrance to each village or group of mud huts there is a sort of public building called the "Djemaa," or meeting place, and it is here that the people assemble at intervals to discuss matters of general interest. The men wear a loosely-fitting woolen or cotton shirt, and over it one or two burnous, according to the season. Their headgear is a kind of skull-cap, kitted or of red felt. The arms, legs and the neck are left bare, but the feet are protected by a piece of leather attached to the foot by a number of intertwining strings. The dress of the young women is described as extremely graceful. A large piece of woolen stuff, folded in two, is attached to the shoulder with a metal brooch, and reaches just below the knees. A bright-hued girdle encircles the waist, and their toilet is completed by a gaudy handkerchief wound round the head. With regard to morals the laws are strict. No man is allowed to have more than one wife, or to live with a woman unless the union has been sanctioned by marriage ceremonies. Women, however, are bought and sold like cattle, and a widow can be appropriated by a male relative of her diseased husband without any payment being exacted for her. The usual diet of the tribe consists of "kous-kousson," a national dish, milk in abundance, and fruit; the aged alone eat wheat or meat. The Kroumirs entertain scant respect for the authority of the bey of Tunis, but regard, with reverence Abdallah-ben-Djemal, their patron; it is this "marabout or priest who, they believe, protects their territory, and to whom they look for guidance.—*Revue de Geographie.*

Liked Asparagus.

The Emperor William, of Germany, has a very sensitive palate, and is very fond of asparagus. At one of the dinners at the royal castle at the time of his grandson's marriage the emperor remarked: "It is very strange; every time I eat asparagus at the castle it tastes of soap, which it never does at the palace." The most searching inquiries were instituted, but nothing suspicious could be discovered. Still the emperor had been so positive that another council of war was held, this time comprising the treatment of the vegetable from the entrance into the castle to the time of its being served at table. The result was a complete vindication of the emperor's acute sense of taste. The castle kitchen is so unfavorably situated as to necessitate the carrying of the dishes to be served across the castle yard, during which transit they are placed in covered baskets. In order to keep the asparagus hot the asparagus dishes are covered with an extra supply of hot napkins. These napkins, like all other table linen, are washed in soap, and asparagus, being more than ordinarily sensitive, is but too apt to acquire a soapy taste from the brief contact with the napkins. The dish being first handed to the emperor, he could hardly help taking just the very one most impregnated with the offending taste. Henceforth his favorite dish is not to be covered with "soaped" napkins.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

A colored man, George H. Williams, has just fallen heir to $50,000. He is the only negro in the Ohio legislature, and proposes now to retire from business and politics, and devote himself to a history he is writing, entitled, Negroes as Slaves, as Soldiers, and as Citizens.

Since 1871 the grain crops of the United States have been valued at the enormous sum of $10,000,000,000, or an average of $1,000,000,000 per annum. Of this total about one-half, or $5,000,000,000, has been the value of the corn crop, while the wheat crop during the same period has aggregated a value of $3,500,000,000.

Scott living in New Mexico had a friend who wanted another man murdered, and owing or in obliging disposition, Scott agreed to do the favor. He rode fifty miles to accomplish it and found Donovan, who was the victim, in a saloon. So Scott sat down and played cards with him. Donovan observing that Scott was a good deal excited about something, drew his revolver, cocked it, and put it in his lap, without Scott's noticing it. So what was Scott's surprise on crying out: "I'm going to kill you," to find himself, instead of Donovan, falling dead on the floor.

During the year ending March 30, 134 railroads in the United States constructed 6,113 miles of road, which was 128 miles less than was built in the preceding year. The miles of road constructed in these two years was never but once exceeded in any two consecutive years in the history of the government. That was in 1870 and 1871. The miles of road constructed in 1880 and 1881 was nearly equal to one-seventh of all the roads in this country in 1879, and at the rate in which railroad building is now progressing, the construction of this year promises to exceed that of last, if not that of any other year.

It is related of the late Colonel Thomas Scott that once, about ten years ago, when making one of the swift trips which he was in the habit of making over the lines under his control, his train was stopped by the wreck of a freight train. There were a dozen heavily loaded box cars piled up on the road, and it would take a long time to get succor from the nearest accessible point, and probably hours more to get the track cleared by mere force of labor. He surveyed the difficulty, made a rough calculation of the cost of a total destruction of the freight, and promptly made up his mind to burn the road clear. By the time the relief train came the flames had done their work and nothing remained but to patch up a few injuries done to the track so as to enable him to pursue his way.

The figures of the report of the veterinary department of the privy council office recently issued tell a graphic tale of the sufferings which animals undergo during the voyage from America to England. They bring also in striking relief the need of some better accommodations than those which already exist for the transportation of live stock across the Atlantic. This report shows that last year 981 cargoes of cattle, sheep and swine were landed in England from ports in Canada and the United States. Of the animals originally shipped 13,619 were thrown overboard in the course of the voyage, 540 were landed dead, and 384 were so much injured or exhausted that they were killed at the place of landing. Humanity certainly ought to devise some plan to prevent this suffering and loss.

The Scotch fasting girl Christina Marshall, continues to live on a teaspoonful of water two or three times a day. She is thirteen years old and lives at Chapelton, a small village near Strathaven. Her illness dates from August or September last, when she was treated for pulmonary cold. She gradually got better, but instead of reaching complete convalescence, fell into a thoughtful mood and betook herself to bed. She expressed the greatest disinclination for all kinds of food, and it was only by the most urgent entreaties that she could even be persuaded to take wine or grapes. At the New Year, however, she expressed herself unable to take any kind of food at all, and her parents, seeing that their entreaties only caused her pain and sorrow, forebore to ask her any longer, and since then she has subsisted solely on a few teaspoonfuls of water per day. A thorough examination of the patient failed to discover any trace of internal disease. The girl is, of course, growing gradually weaker, but so slowly that the change is almost imperceptible. At first she did not care for any one sitting up with her, but latterly she has insisted on having either her father or mother by her bedside all night long. Although not caring to enter into conversation, she answers all questions put, and appears to be fully aware of whatever takes place in the house, either by night or day.

A Texas Apiary.

Mr. John W. Fry, of Texas, has a model apiary and vegetable garden on Morgan creek, which suggests on a miniature scale the "happy valley" of Rasselas, if you connect with it honey, strawberries and general thrift and prosperity. The farm of a hundred or so acres is at the base, or rather upon the slope of one of the mountains. Mr. Fry has at present only about forty hives, and could keep hundreds, but he sells them on. Last season Mr. Fry robbed one gum five time, realizing 125 pounds of honey; another three times, realizing seventy-five pounds. The net proceeds of a single hive was $41.25, the honey selling readily at fifteen cents a pound. The vegetable garden is largely an artificial one, having been cut out of a hillside, terrace fashion. It is irrigated from the spring by means of a light but immense wheel, at least twenty feet in diameter, which is turned by two trained hounds, placed inside, treadmill fashion. The revolution of this wheel works a pump, which conducts water all over the garden.—*Baltimore American.*

"Charles," she said, as she brushed the hair back from his forehead when he sat reading the paper yesterday morning, "why is a watch-dog smaller in the morning than he is at night?" "He ain't." "Yes he is. D'you give it up?" "Yes." "Because he has to be let out at night and taken in in the morning."

Best of All.

The world hath rich gifts it can give
To make us happy; all its precious things—
What men call precious, and for which they live—
To a sad heart are worthless offerings.
For what are gems and what is tawny gold?
And rarest spices from sweet Cyprian blooms?
And silkest fabrics shimmering fold on fold,
The costliest products of the Eastern looms?
They cannot save the soul a single pain,
Or to the weary heart bring hope again.

What is the thrill of wit, the silken glow
The wine may shine, and leap and sparkle up,
From marble tables white as purest snow,
And brim blood-red the gold-incrusted cup;
The air may languish filled with perfume sweet,
Etruscan vases burn with roses red,
And velvet carpets sinking 'neath the feet
Give back no echo from the stateliest tread;
For human hearts crave something more
than this—

Splendor alone can never give us bliss.

Far more, far more we prize a gentle touch—
The mute caress of fingers on the hair—
A kind word spoken—oh, how very much
These little tokens do to lessen care,
It matters little if the home be bare
Of luxury, and what the world calls good,
If we have only one true spirit there
By whom our better selves are understood
Whose deepest heart-throbs are for us
alone,
With whom in thoughts and wishes we are
one.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

What nut is most toothsome, eaten with the shell on? Did you say doughnut?

Melted butter is like a bold militia man only when it is dropped from the rolls.

Said the general to the major: "What is your rank, sir?" and the major replied: "I am a major, general."

There being warm weather, it is about time to discover that the ice crop was spoiled by the frost.—*Elmira Free Press.*

Chang, the Chinese giant, can read the Bible in six different languages, but thinks it reads best in the Chinese version. We don't.

Mining stocks were not invented in Banquo's time, although he said: "The earth hath bubbles as the water hath."—*Boston Courier.*

"Pinafore" and the smallpox reached Honolulu and Japan on the same boat. They didn't mind the smallpox very much.—*Boston Post.*

The saying that beauty is but skin deep needs to be modified. Is there anything particularly striking about a chime of bells till they are pealed?

A Frenchman in business here advertises that he has a "chasm" for an apprentice. He had looked up the word "opening" in the dictionary.—*Alta California.*

A lady who had quarreled with her bald-headed lover said, in dismissing him: "What is delightful about you, my friend, is that I have not the trouble of sending you back any locks of hair."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The very latest, nicest little idea is for a young lady to decorate a miniature bellows and send it to her best gentleman friend. It signifies: "Don't mind your poverty; I will raise the wind."—*New Haven Register.*

If a poor merchant should marry an extravagant girl would his book-keeper? If she should neglect to sew on his buttons, would her dress-maker? And if she should refuse to put on her own clothes, would her hair-dresser.

Some washerwomen don't understand their business and loosen that back button on the shirt so it will come off at the last minute and give a man an excuse for being late at church. But most of them are thoughtful enough to do it

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1881.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS
FOR 1881.

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

$1.50 A YEAR.

The PRESS entered its twenty-ninth (29th) volume on January 1st, 1881.

Now is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the PRESS more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1881.

CLUBBING.

Clubs of the PRESS and GOOD LITERATURE one year for $1.75. This is the best offer yet made, and will give you a weekly nearly as large as the PRESS. In short, two papers every week for $1.75, cash in advance.

—Arrangements are about complete for a $12,000 statue of the late John C. Breckenridge to be erected in Lexington, Kentucky.

GERMANTON.—The Commencement exercises of the Germanton Male and Female Institute took place on the 16th inst., and is represented to have been a successful and enjoyable affair. This school is under the charge of Prof. Holmes and an efficient Board of Trustees.

The annual sermon was delivered by Rev. C. C. Dodson, of Winston, and the address by E. E. Gray, Esq.

ANTI-PROHIBITION.—The anti-prohibitionists held a meeting in the court-house, Thursday night of last week, which was presided over by N. S. Cook, Esq.

J. C. Buxton and C. B. Watson, Eqrs., spoke against the prohibition bill passed by the Legislature. Rev. W. S. Bynum advocated the bill, which caused a spirited debate. When the meeting adjourned an agreement was entered into to divide time in future.

MISSOURI.—Three fearful storms passed over Northwest Missouri on Sunday the 12th. Near Savannah, in Andrew county, many houses were destroyed and about 12 lives lost. At Flag Springs and King City the loss of life was probably 50. Hundreds of cattle, horses, hogs and sheep were killed.

IOWA.—In western Iowa, including Acederbon, Cass, Pottawaltamie and Guthrie counties the storm was also very severe destroying houses, blowing down fences and trees, and doing much damage to the growing crops. Hail in large qauntities accompanied the storm.

—In order to keep our readers posted on the prohibition question, we publish the following:

The Executive Committee of the Republican party have sent out the following circular:

ROOMS REP. EX. COM.
Raleigh, N. C., June 10, 1880.

DEAR SIR:—The Republican party, through its State executive committee, takes ground against what is known as the "Prohibition" movement in this State, because of the legislation it contains against citizen rights, and in favor of rank and classes.

As a party, we cannot stand with folded arms and see the liberties of the people subverted, and one class of citizens preferred above another. The paid emissaries of fanatical error and political trickery combined, are about to be sent abroad in the State, to help fasten upon our people this dangerous enactment of a Democratic Legislature, this wolf in sheep's clothing—"Prohibition." We must meet these emissaries with the overwhelming arguments that can be used against this strike at Liberty and Progress.

If you feel disposed to assist the party in this effort, send your contribution to me at Raleigh, at once.

J. J. MOTT,
Chm'n Rep. EX. COM.

—Judge Dick, one of the staunchest Republicans in the State, has this to say about the action of the Republican State executive committee:

"The enemies of prohibition call this a party measure. Four or five men went to Raleigh last week, and pledged the Republican party against prohibition. What right had they to do it? no right whatever. The constitution of the Republican party is plain against the usurped authority of those men, and if the Republican party cannot exist and succeed without strapping to its wheels anti-prohibition, then let it perish!"

YADKIN COUNTY.—The prohibitionists of Yadkin County, met in Convention in the Court-House at Yadkinville, on the 6th inst., for the purpose of organizing the county for the coming campaign.

The Convention was called to order by A. Speer, Esq., Chairman of the preliminary Convention, and moved that W. G. Brown be called to the Chair, which motion was carried. Jo. S. Bell and D. C. Nance were appointed Secretaries.

The Chairman spoke ten minutes, explaining the objects of the meeting.

On motion, A. Speer was appointed Chairman of the County Executive Committee. With the following three from each township as the Committee: Boonville—J. M. Speer, T. R. Spencer, and Dr. C. M. Holcomb; Knobbs—J. F. George, S. S. Arnold, and E. D. Swain; Buck Shoals—A. J. Johnson, A. N. Lomlin, and Eli Kirkman; Deep Creek—B. R. Brown, G. W. Miller, and M. I. Vestal; Liberty—J. R. Nance, I. N. Vestal, and W. L. Kelly; Little Yadkin—J. R. Hauser, T. F. Grimes, and W. A. Nading; East Bend—R. C. Poindexter, A. Horn, and John Martin; Fall Creek—Jesse Dobbins, J. L. Shuyart, and Isaac Hutchens.

The Convention was entertained by sound and stirring speeches by the Chairman, J. L. Tulburt, Esq., and others.

—On Saturday last, Mr. Best, on behalf of the construction company which proposes to build the Midland railway and carry out the original North Carolina system from Beaufort harbor to its Tennessee connections at Paint Rock and Ducktown, depotited with Senator Z. B. Vance, Governor T. J. Jarvis and State Treasurer J. M. Worth, commissioners of the Western North Carolina Railroad, elected by the General Assembly at its special session of 1880, the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with which to reimburse the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company for all expenditures made by that corporation from the time of the defection of Mr. Best's first associates up to the present.

Mr. Best has called upon the Richmond and Danville Railroad authorities for an account of such expenditures (which has not yet been rendered) with the view of tendering the exact amount which would repay them for the money they have distributed in prosecuting the work on both branches of the Western North Carolina Railroad, with interest, and also make proper compensation for any trouble thrown upon them by their coming to his assistance.

While the construction company have good reason to believe that the sum deposited is amply sufficient to cover every possible expense, they have signified to the commissioners their willingness to make an immediate deposit of any further sum which the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company may show to be necessary for that purpose.

It is impossible to believe that any company of gentlemen who are so entirely identified with North Carolina, and so largely dependent upon North Carolina, and so largely dependent upon North Carolina patronage as are the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company, would think for a moment of hindering a scheme of such vast importance to the State; for surely the public would look with grave disapprobation upon any such course.—*News-Observer.*

From the above it will be seen that Mr. Best is trying to secure the control of the Western North Carolina Railroad and all North Carolinians who are under the control of the Piedmont Air Line combination will wish for his success. As far as our own interests are concerned, we hope he will succeed, as we understand he has promised, if he secures control of the Road that he will not discriminate against the North Carolina Midland, intends to have his system from Goldsboro to Salisbury—Paint Rock and Ducktown open to all comers, and promises to pro rate.

We agree with our contemporary that the Piedmont Air Line should not obstruct this movement, as they should know there is a growing distrust to their "gobbling up" all the Railroads in North Carolina, and they may rest assured that the inhabitants of the old North State, will not support for office hereafter any political candidate who has even the suspicion of being a minion of this powerful corporation. We say success to Best.

—At a regular meeting of the Board of Medical Examiners, we notice among the physicians licensed to practice medicine the following: W. D. Phillips, Dalton, Stokes County. R. L. Payne, Jun., Lexington; W. L. Crump, South River, Rowan County.

STATE ITEMS.

—The University of North Carolina has conferred the Degree of D. D., upon Rev. C. H. Wiley of Winston, N. C.

—The Fayetteville Graded School closed its third year successfully on Tuesday of last week. There has been an average attendance of about four hundred pupils during the past year.

COTTON FACTORY BURNT.—The factory of the Falls of Neuse Manufacturing Company, (known as the Swepson Factory) on Haw River, in Alamance County, was burnt on Thursday night last, the fire starting from the explosion of a kerosene lamp. The property was valued at $200,000, and insured for $60,000. Two hundred and seven operatives were employed.

—On last Friday evening as Mr. James Thompson, of Alexander county, was plowing in his field his dog came to him, whined around awhile and left him. Mr. Thompson paid no attention to the animal, and when he returned to his house late in the evening he found his daughter lying in the yard with her head mashed in a horrible manner, with the dog lying at her feet. The house had been robbed by the murderer of about $1,000 in money. One or two parties have been arrested on suspicion.

—There is a colored woman living in Roxboro that is the mother of seventeen children, the youngest of whom is 67 years old. She don't know her own age but it is supposed to be about 110 years.

—Rephaniah Mitchell, an aged colored man, eighty years old, died at his home in this city on Tuesday night. Zeph. was well known, and was the first and only colored man that ever held office in Guilford county by right of suffrage. He was a county commissioner for 2 years.—*Battle Ground.*

There's Music in the Waters.

Yes, music in the waters; music in the ocean; music in the solemn forest; music in the watching star; music in the cannon; music everywhere, but the sweetest, and the most for the money, is found in the SOUTHERN MUSICAL JOURNAL. Just see in the June number, that sweet song, "The Old Musician and His Harp;" the good chorus, "There's Music in the Waters;" Mascot Polka," from the latest opera, and "Blossom Waltz," for the six year old music student. Over $1.00 worth in this one number—$12 worth yearly—and to cap all, $1.00 worth of Premium Sheet Music presented each subscriber. 20 pages of musical reading matter, and 8 pages of Music monthly; and all for only $1.25 yearly. Send a 3 cent stamp for specimen copy of the *neatest, brightness* and *best* Musical Magazine in the land. Address **Ludden & Bates' Southern Music House, Savannah, Ga.**

SALEM ACADEMY.

THE CONCERT.

The Concert on Wednesday evening was a brilliant affair. The Chapel was crowded with an appreciative audience. The exercises commenced shortly after 8 o'clock with the chorus, "All we ladies of the Court," and was exceedingly well rendered. We give the programme entire:

PART FIRST.

1. Chorus. All we ladies of the Court. Martha. *Flotow.* Singing Class.
2. Paraphrase on Lorelei (for eight hands. *Nevadra.* Misses Patterson, Pace, E. Morehead and Rorer.
3. My true love has my heart. Song. *Blumenthal.* Miss Parker.
4. Convent Bells. Piano Solo. *F. Spindler.* Miss Hunter.
6. Galop Militaire (for eight hands). *C. Mayer.* Misses K. Jones, Hunter, Sluder and Reid.
7. Scena ed Aria. Il balen del suo sorriso. Trovatore. *Verdi.* Sig. D'Anna.
8. Finale de Lucrezia Borgia. Piano Solo. *A. Goria.* Miss Pinkham, Graduate in Piano Playing.
9. Bolero. The Mountain Maid. *Millard.* Miss K. Jones, Graduate in Vocal Culture.
10. Row us, row us swiftly. *Campana.* Misses DeSchweinitz, Swann and Lineback.
11. Chorus. Tyrolienne. 'Neath thy light step Guillaume Tell. *Rossini.* Singing Class.

PART SECOND.

1. Chorus. Day is departing. *Raff.* Singing Class.
2. Wedding March. Midsummer Night's Dream. *Mendelssohn.* Misses Hunter, Parker, Brown and Swann.
3. Marcia Funebre. Grand Duo. Second Movement of Sinfonia Eroica. *Beethoven.* Miss Pinkham and Sig. D'Anna.
5. Lirte Signori. Cavatina from the Huguenots. *Meyerbeer.* Miss Brown, Graduate in Vocal Culture.
6. Home, sweet Home. Piano Solo. *Thalberg.* Miss Vest, Graduate in Piano Playing.
7. Chorus. King of the Shades. Un Ballo in Maschera. *Verdi.* Singing Class.
8. Grand Fantaisie and Variations. Norma. *Thalberg.* Miss Vest and Sig. D'Anna.
9. Donna, shi sei? Nabucodonoser. *Verdi.* Miss Brown and Sig. D'Anna.
10. Grand Overture (for eight hands). Guillaume Tell. *Rossini.* Misses Pinkham, Vest, Van Vleck and Sig. D'Anna.
11. Chorus. Day is now dawning. Sicilian Vespers. *Verdi.* Singing Class.

The performers were of the very best, several of whom having graduated either in vocal or instrumental music, and others exhibiting marked talent, promising to sustain the well earned reputation of the Academy.

Prof. D'Anna may well feel proud of his work, as there are but few schools which could successfully present so meritorious a programme.

The worthy Principal, Mr. Zorn, certainly paid a deserved compliment to the Professor during the evening. We are loth to attempt discrimination, where such sterling merit prevailed, but will mention several, which were among the more prominent selections.

Miss Pinkham is a remarkable performer, and right well earned her diploma. No. 8, Piano Solo, was given with splendid finish, and in No. 4, second part, Prof. D'Anna and Miss Pinkham fairly thrilled the audience. No. 10, second part, Misses Van Vleck, Vest, Pinkham and Sig. D'Anna were at their best. Miss Vest's "Home, sweet Home," with variations, was charmingly executed. Among the vocal numbers we think No. 9, "Lady, who art thou?" by Miss Brown and Signor D'Anna as the best. Miss Brown also sang a Cavatina from The Huguenots in the best manner. Miss Parker sang "My true love has my heart," well. Misses DeSchweinitz, Swann and Lineback were particularly successful in "Row us swiftly." Miss Kate Jones gave us "The Mountain Maid" in good style. The eight-hand "Military Galop" was full of energy, and Miss Hunter's "Convent Bells" rang out sweetly on the evening air. Miss H. promises to be among the best performers in the school. The "Wedding March" from Midsummer Night's Dream, was exquisitely rendered. Prof. D'Anna's singing was excellent, and he deserved the many compliments paid him during the evening. He is devoted to his art and has a happy way of inspiring the audience with much of his enthusiasm. The singing class always does well, and especially so on this occasion, when they were assisted by the accomplished members of the Philharmonic. The new organ added much to the occasion.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Last week we gave the programme of the day. The Chapel, as it had been on the two preceding evenings, was beautifully decorated with evergreens and flowers. A very large audience was present and the best of order prevailed. The music, as usual, was good.

Rev. Mr. Zorn read a portion of Scripture and offered up a fervent prayer, and delivered the introductory address.

Miss Jones' salutatory was well composed and read in the best manner. Miss Sluder's "Land of the Sky" was a fitting tribute to the Old North State. "Unrest," by Miss Brown, was full of apt illustrations and practical good sense. Miss Vogler gave her ideas of the "Toilet" in well chosen terms. Miss Mack was particularly happy in her bits at "Woman's Rights," giving her ideas in a plain and telling manner and eliciting several rounds of applause. All the readers received handsome bouquets.

Mr. Waddell's address, which we publish entire, was well adapted to the occasion, and we are pleased to state was well received. Mr. Waddell expressed himself as delighted with the proficiency of the graduates, and complimented the young ladies highly on the style of their compositions and the excellence of their elocution.

The following is Mr. Waddell's address.

[Reported for the Charlotte Observer.]

ADDRESS OF THE HON. A. M. WADDELL OF WILMINGTON.

Ladies and Gentlemen: When one is called upon to discharge the duty which I have undertaken to do to-day, he naturally desires to present something new to his audience.

He wishes to avoid if possible a repetition of facts and fancies, with which they are already familiar; at least to present them if used, in some new and attractive light. Speakers generally flatter themselves with the idea that they do this, but their opinion is apt to be based either upon an over estimate of their own attainments or an under estimate of those to whom they speak, or perhaps upon both. I confess my firm faith in the dogma, "a little learning is a dangerous thing," especially if the thing is to be displayed on an occasion like this, and the older I grow the more my faith in it increases. I remember that some years ago I was delighted by a witticism perpetrated by Sidney Smith, (I believe) when he found that what he thought was an original idea of his own, was a very old one. "A plague on these vile ancients," he said "they have stolen all our bright thoughts." I was sure that this witticism at least was original. It certainly was a brilliant refutation of the very statement it contained, but alas I subsequently found that more than a thousand years before Sidney Smith was born, Donatus had written exactly the same thing in the line:

"Pereat illi qui ante nos nostra dixerunt."

Solomon was, in one sense right, when he said there was nothing new under the sun, but probably he stole the remark from some early eastern philosopher and thereby proved that even plagiarism was not new. Unconscious plagiarism as we all know is very common. These unhappy men who go exultingly to the United States patent office, and come away in despair and disgust; nearly every day find that out. They find there old models of the new inventions, which they formerly cherished as their own. Fortunately for him, Christopher Columbus died innocently believing himself an original discoverer, although there is every reason to believe that he was not even the second conductor of an expedition to America. Conscious plagiarism is now common, still unlike the inventions at the patent office, the author does not become disgusted until he is found out. Now, in regard to this latter offense those vile ancients to whom Sidney Smith referred, had the advantage of us very decidedly. For instance, they had no stenographic reporters, who would snatch a man's thoughts as he uttered them, and rushing off to a railway station would send them off by telegraph to a steam printing press, to be published the same day, and thus become the common property of the public and the subject of criticism for everybody in the world. An Athenian or Roman orator, could have traversed Greece the Romam Empire, making the same speech every day, and saying something new to each audience, or he might even have stolen his speech bodily without incurring the risk of hearing some unpleasant person observe, "oh, that's old, I read it in the *Daily Gladiator* two weeks ago;" but how different it is with us nowadays. Gladstone makes a great speech in England, or Bismarck forges a new link in German unity, or Gambetta climbs a step nearer the dangerous pinnacle of power in France, or a Czar is blown up, or a New York politician in a fit of impotent rage, saws off the high limb on which he sits between himself and the tree, and in the next morning's paper a full account of it is laid on your breakfast table. Whether mankind are any happier now than they used to be, because of these greater facilities of intercommunication, and the consequently greater information which they enjoy, I do not know and will not discuss.

Knowledge is power, but it is not happines. I have been more forcibly impressed with this truth by reading some of the splendid essays of the great scientists of this age, recently published than I ever was before. It cannot be denied that the study of natural science has developed the most marvelous exhibitions of intellectual power which the world has ever seen. It is an intellectual luxury to follow the course of reasoning, by which men like Raymond, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer and others, whose writings have appeared within the last few years, trace existing phenomena in the natural world, and in sociology to these ultimate causes. The most splendid eloquence too, and the grandest variety of illustration characterize these essays, but when everything is conceded what is the sum and substance of it all, and what is the conclusion finally reached? It is this, that the earth on which we live was once a ball of liquid fire; that in the course of innumerable ages the molten lava on the outer surface became sufficiently cool to admit of the existence of life; that organism of different kinds succeeded one another until at length the history of man began; that man came by evolution from one of these organisms and not by a special act of creation; that he has reached his present stage of development by virtue of his mastery over the forces of nature, or in other words, by means of natural science; that indeed the history of natural science is the proper history of the human race, and that what man will eventually accomplish can hardly be conceived, but that the earth will gradually become cooler and cooler in the course of numberless ages, until it ceases to be inhabitable by man; that the race will perish; that the earth will become an ice-ball slowly and more slowly revolving around the sun; that the sun will also lose its heat entirely and finally all will be blank. The day will come, says one of the profoundest and most brilliant of the scientists—the day will come when man no longer can say "Lo Homer's Son sends down his beams even on us"; a day when the earth over and over ice-clad will travel sluggishly around the sun, whose fires then will burn with only a ruddy glow; a day when first as in the beginning "light was," because then the first eye opened, so then "darkness will be," because then the last eye closes, and then with cool indifference he adds, "but from this fate millions of years still separate our race," and finally he closes his pitiless argument with this characteristic observation: "A young man does not allow himself to be thwarted, either in his pleasure or in his ambition by thoughts of the infirmities of age, which await even him, or of the inevitableness of death, so too we are little concerned about the fate that threatens our unimaginably remote posterity."

Of the *individual man* and his destiny not one word is said. He is but an atom, a molecule in the world of humanity and therefore unworthy of a scientific investigation.

Suppose all this is true? Is the great and learned scientist or those whom he teaches any happier than the simple plowman who eats his simple, frugal evening meal, thanks God for his blessings and sleeps sweetly until the morning? The latter is little better in his sight than the beasts of the field. Indeed, some of the evolutiouists seem to find pleasure in tracing the origin of everything human to a degraded source. For the course of mechanism of our natural bodies to the most refined and the highest aspiration of our mental and moral nature, they seek to show that all must have had their genesis in the bruto creation, and not this merely but the very form and ceremonies of our social organization and even of our religion are derived from some original custom of the savage, based in the still more remote inherited instinct of the wild beast, formwhich we have developed by evolution. Sometimes, however, the zeal of these scientists leads to conclusions which may be scientific, but are also extremely ridiculous. For instance when I made my bow to you, ladies and gentlemen, a little while ago at the beginning of my remarks, I thought of an essay by Herbert Spencer which was published about three years ago. It was the fifth of a series of essays which he wrote on the "evolution of ceremonial government," and the title of it was "obeisances." The distinguished scientist therein proved conclusively to himself at least, that the bow which I just now made you, and the tipping of my hat to a lady on the street this morning, originated not in any sense of politeness on my part, not from any teaching received in my youth, not from any association with others who do the like, but from the ancient custom of kissing the hand of a superior, which custom originated from the habit of kneeling to a ruler, and that from prostrating one's self before a conqueror, and that from kissing his feet, and that from crawling before him, and that from lying on the back and slapping the thighs (as they still do in Africa) and that from what do you think? Why from the habit of a little dog, who falls down, turns over on his back, and holds up his legs in token of submission to a bigger dog, into whose presence he suddenly and unexpectedly comes. Therefore, gentlemen, whenever you see a little dog perform this act of submission and conciliation, you will recognize the original source of your own good manners in general, and the bow in particular. Now I say this is not a pleasant reflection for a gentleman, as it is certainly not an agreeable situation for the little dog, but it is about as satisfactory as any aspect of the doctrine of evolution that I have seen, excepting always one and that is the consoling view that in its last analysis evolution is necessarily based on nothing.

For the grand and ennobling as well as the useful triumphs of science, however, we cannot be otherwise than grateful. These triumphs have all been accomplished in the last three centuries. A mere list of the improvements which science has added to domestic and social life during that period would fill a volume. There is hardly a household comfort, a useful machine, a beautiful art, a commercial convenience, a medical remedy, an industrial or charitable institution, a method of spreading knowledge, a discovery of any kind which is practicably useful to man, for which we are not indebted to the science of the last three hundred years.

Of the vast and sublime field it has opened to the intellectual heavens above, in the earth beneath and the waters under the earth, it is impossible to think without enthusiasm, so to speak, except with humility. Go out to-night and look at the starry heavens. Less than three hundred years ago—just think of it—the mass of people in the world believed that these glittering points of light served no better purpose than those of artificial stars, which speckle the inner domes of cathedrals—that the sun and moon were onlp lights set in the sky for our comfort and convenience. The theory of Copernicus was not published until 1543; the telescope was not invented until more than fifty years afterwards, and it was not until 46 years ago—1835—that the distances of the fixed stars were accurately established. With what different eyes do we now gaze upon these shining orbs, from those with which our forefathers looked at them, and with how much greater significance do the words of the Psalmist fall upon our ears:

"When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained,

"What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?"

We know that each of those stars is a sun like that around which the earth moves. Each one of them is whirling through the unfathomable abyss of space with a velocity infinitely greater than that of a rifle ball, and yet so incredibly far off from us are they that they have not materially changed their relative positions since recorded observations began. Figures can convey no idea of these distances. No earthly measurement can give the faintest conception of them. Our own sun is, we know, 92,000,000 miles distant from us, but no human being can form any idea of that, for if a messenger could start now and travel 30 miles an hour for 300 years, he would not get there, and yet this distance of our sun is absolutely nothing compared to the distance of these stars from us. Astronomers have discovered by the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites that light travels 186,000 miles in a second: that is to say, light would travel around the earth nearly eight times in a second; and yet at this speed the light from the nearest fixed star—Centauri—takes 3½ years to reach us. Beyond this star, however, which is only on the threshold of the stellar universe, there are myriads of others revealed by the telescope, which are so distant that, in the language of a distinguished professor of Harvard, "had they been blotted out of existence when history began the tidings of the disastrous event could not have yet reached the earth." Before such measureless magnitudes of distance and time, the human mind is overwhelmed. It stands awe-stricken in the presence of the microcosms which science has unfolded to its gaze; but fascinated by the revelations which it witnesses, it continually seeks more knowledge of the hidden systems of nature. Turn now from the heavens whose vast and incomprehensible wonders astronomy thus reveals, and contemplate the microcosms around and beneath us, and in them see visions as grand and extensive as any which the heavens contain. Learn from the chemist what the molecular theory of the universe is. Here him explain that the qualities of any substance in nature inhere in its molecules, or smallest particles, that all the molecules of the same substance are absolutely alike in every respect; that these molecules or smallest particles of a substance, are themselves bodies, or system of bodies moving in space, that therefore any substance in nature—a lump of sugar for instance, or a lump of salt, or a piece of bread, is a universe of moving worlds, and that either of these substances would if we could look into the molecular universe as we look into the heavens, present to the eye very much the same picture, that the star clusters now do when viewed through the telescope. Here him assert that the molecular mechanics is as positive a field of study as astronomy, and finally look at the tables of calculation, on which he marked the size and weight of the molecules—not of any solid substance, but of hydrogen gas! Contemplating thus the immensities of space on the one hand, and the infinitessimal wonders of the molecular universe on the other, we get a just appreciation of our own relative attitude in the creation, while we humble ourselves in the dust before that sublime and awful Creator, whom the scientists call the Supreme Intelligence, and the Christian worships as his father and his God.

There is still another realm beside the sky and the earth, to which science has directed its penetrating glance, and from which it has wrenched rich spoils—that realm is the sea, the grandest part of our planet. From the earliest ages it has been the theme of poets and philosophers. All the sublimest images of every language have been drawn from it. As the name of Copernicus is forever connected with study of astronomy, so is the name of Maury, our Southern countryman, connected with the science of the great deep. In prose and in verse and analysis science has exhausted itself in describing it physical wonders, yet still it heaves its restless billows mockingly and rolls on—the mysterious main.

It wraps in its watery mantle three-fourths of the surface of the globe—the continents, grand as they are, are but islands on its bosom. Islands inhabited by man only because the ocean surrounds them. It is at once the origin and the reservoir of all the streams of the earth. It calls its messengers, the winds, and confiding to them its vapors, sends them to be condensed, against the mountain sides and fall in grateful rains upon the land. Thus it makes the lakes and springs and rivers, which gladdening and fertilizing the earth in their journey, roll back again to refresh and enrich the sea, but not to fill it, for the process, like all the processes of nature, is unending, and equilibrum is the law. It is the bitter salt sea, but it sweetens and freshens the earth. Whether the estimate quantity of common salt which it holds in solution, and which is as inconceivable as the distance to the stars, be correct or not, we know that one river alone—the Amazon—has poured for ages and still pours into it all absorbing depths, a large volume of fresh water without any appreciable effect fifty miles from where it empties. It is the energetic sea, the highest type of ceaseless labor, the soil on which we stand is the result of its work. There is not a grain of sand or a rounded pebble anywhere, which is not the result of labor performed by water. The crust of the earth itself has been pounded into its present shape by the tireless waves, and they have left upon the tops of the highest mountains the evidence of their work. It is the wonderful sea, more wonderful now that science has unveiled so many of its mysteries than when Byron penned his magnificent apostrophe to it. But though ever changing though always the same,

"Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,
Such as creation's dawn beheld thee, thou
rollest now."

It furnishes the only illustration of perpetual motion, of which our senses can take notice, and establishes in the most beautiful manner the theory that there is a great law of compensation throughout nature. Doubtless many of you have never seen the grand and beautiful sea. When you do, unless you are entirely destitute of all sentiment, it will delight your senses and elevate your spirit beyond description. And now in conclusion let us turn for a moment to the material ocean, the boundless sea of knowledge, whose farthest shore no mariner has ever reached. When in childhood I beheld one of the large ocean shells, which the great artist has painted with such inimitable skill, my wonder was increased when I was told that by placing it to my ear I could hear, though faintly, the thunder of the surf. Charmed with the idea I used to sit with it in that position and listen to the mysterious murmurings which whisper from its rosy lips, and yearn impatiently for the time when I should see the great deep and hear its mighty anthems singing in my ears.

So like the sea shell to the physical ear of childhood is the wise or beautiful thought of another to the young and generous mind. In it can be heard the harmonies of that limitless ocean of knowledge, which compasses the mind and yields its treasures mysteriously to every voyager who traverses its domain. That is a calm and ever peaceful ocean whose broad realm is undisturbed by storms, and upon which darkness never rests, for it is a region of eternal light and ever increasing beauty.

Young ladies, you have launched your barks upon its waters, and the breeze to-day is fair. Be not tired mariners, never furl your sails. Steer boldly for the open main, with pennants flying, and all your canvas set, and when the pilot, death, shall step upon your deck to take the wheel it will only be to thread the narrows which lead into that other sea of light and glory which surrounds the eternal throne.

Dr. Rondthaler then addressed the graduates in a very appropriate and touching manner, after which he delivered to the following graduates their diploma.

Susan M. Bitting, Winston, N. C.
Elizabeth D. Brown, Davidson College, N. C.
Catherine E. Jones, Bethania, N. C.
Mary A. Jones, Salem, N. C.
Pauline M. Keehln, Salem, N. C.
Emma J. Mack, Friedberg, N. C.
Lula Martin, Winston, N. C.
Alice E. Meller, Salem, N. C.
Constance E. Pfohl, Salem, N. C.
Cordelia J. Sluder, Asheville, N. C.
Rachel Swann, Dandridge, Tenn.
Adelaide E. Vogler, Salem, N. C.
Sarah P. Watkins, Winston, N. C.

The Principal then alluded to the special diplomas and prizes, explaining the manner of making the award. Several gentlemen of Salem gave special premiums for proficiency in instrumental and vocal music and literature. Miss Pinkham received the prize for instrumental music and Miss Kate Jones the prize for vocal culture, each medal was presented by the next best competitor for the prize. The particulars of the musical award were given some weeks since. The following is the literature award:

On Monday and Tuesday, 30th and 31st inst., a competitive examination was held for a prize, offered by a gentleman of Salem, for excellence in English Literature. Although at first both members of the Junior and Senior Classes took up the work, at the examination only members of the latter class presented themselves. Two branches of the subject were selected, Literature proper (the play of *Hamlet* being prescribed for special study) and Literary History (the period from Spenser to Pope prescribed). A paper was submitted in each branch, consisting of ten questions covering the ground of study. The total attainable on each paper was 100.

Of the maximum attainable, 200, the following was secured by those competitors who marked above 100 on the two papers:

Miss Swann,	*Lit.* 71.	*Lit. Hist.* 67.	*Total* 138.		
" Jones,	" 65.	" 62.	" 127.		
" Mack,	" 61.	" 65.	" 126.		
" Vogler,	" 44.	" 62.	" 106.		
" Pfohl,	" 48.	" 57.	" 105.		

Miss Swann having made the highest number of points, was awarded the prize, and Miss Jones and Miss Mack accorded honorable mention.

The prize is a handsome gold badge, with guard chain and pin, composed of the Academy monogram.—*Academy.*

The prize was gracefully presented to Miss Swann by Miss Kate Jones, who came very near carrying off the prize. Miss Jones holds triple awards of merit: 1st. regular graduation diploma; 2nd. music diploma; 3rd, prize for vocal music; distinctions not easily attained in Salem Academy.

Miss Swann will wear the literary prize right worthily. It is a pleasing coincidence that a sister of Miss Swann read the valedictory in 1878.

Miss Swann's valedictory was an excellent one, and given in an earnest style, carrying a more than usual weight in its simple purity and elegant delivery. Surely words spoken so heartily will impress all her companions for good.

Miss Lineback gave us "It is not true," in her best style, and it was truly a fitting close to one of the most interesting commencements we have ever witnessed.

We trust that all our people will aid the worthy principal in his hitherto successful endeavors to maintain the excellent standard of education which prevails at the old Salem Academy.

The next (78th) Annual Session will begin September 1st., 1881.

BROWN'S
IRON
A TRUE TONIC
A PERFECT STRENGTHENER. A SURE REVIVER.

IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic; especially *Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, etc.* Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. They act like a charm on the digestive organs, *removing all dyspeptic symptoms,* such as *Tasting the Food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc.* The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache. Sold by all druggists. Write for the A B C Book (32 pp. of useful and amusing reading)—*sent free.* BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.

See that all Iron Bitters are made by BROWN CHEMICAL CO. and have crossed red lines on wrapper.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

BITTERS

CONDENSED TIME.

North Carolina Railroad.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, May 15 1881.	No. 47 Daily.	No. 48. Daily.	No. 19. Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Charlotte	4 05 a m	4 15 p m	6 30 a m
" Salisbury	5 54 a m	6 07 p m	11 16 a m
" High Point	7 25 a m	7 25 p m	1 55 p m
Arrive Greensboro	8 08 a m	7 57 p m	3 10 p m
Leave Greensboro	9 40 a m	.....	4 25 p m
Arrive Hillsboro	11 45 a m	.....	11 02 p m
" Durham	12 23 p m.	.....	12 31 a m
" Raleigh	1 40 p m	.....	2 11 a m
Leave "	1 45 p m	9 41 a m	.....
Arrive Goldsboro	4 00 p m	8 30 a m	.....

No. 47.—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina daily except Sundays. At Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. for Wilmington.

No. 43.—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, May 15, 1881.	No. 48. Daily.	No. 42. Daily.	No. 20. Daily. ex. Sun.
Leave Goldsboro	1 25 p m	.....	4 20 p m
Arrive Raleigh	3 50 p m	.....	7 25 p m
Leave "	3 55 p m	.....	7 55 p m
Arrive Durham	5 09 p m	.....	12 19 a m
" Hillsboro	5 48 p m	.....	1 45 a m
" Greensboro	7 57 p m	.....	6 00 a m
Leave "	8 17 p m	9 31 a m	m...
Arrive High Point	9 12 p m	10 02 a m	.....
" Salisbury	10 32 p m	11 15 a m	.....
" Charlotte	12 20 a m	1 00 p m	.....

No 48.—Connects at Greensboro with Salem Branch, at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. Air-Line Junction with A. & C. A. L. Railroad for all points South and South-west.

No. 42.—Connects at Air-Line Junc. with A. & C. A. L. Railroad for all points South and South-west; at Charlotte with C., C. & A. Railroad for all points South and South-East.

SALEM BRANCH.

Leave Greensboro daily	"	"	9 40 p m
Arrive Kernersville "	"	"	10 57 p m
Arrive Salem	"	"	11 40 p m
Leave Salem	"	"	5 30 p m
Arrive Kernersville	"	"	9 38 p m
Arrive Greensboro	"	"	7 30 p m

Connecting at Greensboro with Trains on R. & D. and N. C. Railroads.

Sleep'g Cars Without Change

Run both ways with Trains Nos. 48 and 47, between New York and Atlanta via Richmond, Greensboro and Charlotte, and between Greensboro and Augusta; and on Trains Nos. 42 and 45 between Boston and Savannah.

☞ Through Tickets on sale at Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Salisbury and Charlotte, and at all principal points South, South-west, West North and East. For Emigrant rates to points in Arkansas and Texas, address

A. POPE.
Gen'l Pass. Agent, Richmond, Va

FOR SALE Double Buggy and Harness. Enquire at SALEM BOOK STORE.

—BLANK BOOKS at the Salem Book Store.

THE BEST OF ALL
LINIMENTS
FOR MAN AND BEAST.

For more than a third of a century the Mexican Mustang Liniment has been known to millions all over the world as the only safe reliance for the relief of accidents and pain. It is a medicine above price and praise—the best of its kind. For every form of external pain the

MEXICAN

Mustang Liniment is without an equal. It penetrates flesh and muscle to the very bone—making the continuance of pain and inflammation impossible. Its effects upon Human Flesh and the Brute Creation are equally wonderful. The Mexican

MUSTANG

Liniment is needed by somebody in every house. Every day brings news of the agony of an awful scald or burn subdued, of rheumatic martyrs restored, or a valuable horse or ox saved by the healing power of this

LINIMENT

which speedily cures such ailments of the HUMAN FLESH as Rheumatism, Swellings, Stiff Joints, Contracted Muscles, Burns and Scalds, Cuts, Bruises and Sprains, Poisonous Bites and Stings, Stiffness, Lameness, Old Sores, Ulcers, Frostbites, Chilblains, Sore Nipples, Caked Breast, and indeed every form of external disease. It kills without pain.

For the BRUTE CREATION it cures Sprains, Swinny, Stiff Joints, Founder, Harness Sores, Hoof Diseases, Foot Rot, Screw Worm, Scab, Hollow Horn, Scratches, Windgalls, Spavin, Thrush, Ringbone, Old Sores, Poll Evil, Film upon the Sight and every other ailment to which the occupants of the Stable and Stock Yard are liable.

The Mexican Mustang Liniment always cures and never disappoints; and it is, positively,

THE BEST OF ALL
LINIMENTS
FOR MAN OR BEAST.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.

A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most effective curative properties of all other Bitters, the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Ag

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1881.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Special Notice.—Persons wishing to have printing well done, will please call at the Press office. We can print as *cheap* as the *cheapest*.

—Salem Boys School closes on Friday next, with a public examination.

—Wednesday was the longest day in the year.

—Miss Lena Shober is visiting Miss Lillie Crosland.

—Wheat harvest in full blast. A good average crop reported.

—Old newspapers for sale at this office at 50 cents a hundred.

—Frank Blum has returned to his home in Nashville, Tenn.

—Wm. Loman, of Winston, died suddenly in that place last week.

—Mrs. Belo left for Woodlawn, Carroll Co., Va., Wednesday morning.

—Persons wishing to advertise in the Almanac will please apply early.

—Wm. T. Shore has purchased the Thos. J. Boner homestead for $1.000.

—Eight or nine young ladies will spend the Summer vacation in the Academy.

..Stewart Brothers, Winston, are issuing a sprigtly little daily during this week.

Miss Welfare's School closed on Tuesday evening last with a public entertainment. All passed off well.

—Misses Lizzie Noe and M. and F. Rothrock, of Lexington, were the guests of Miss E. Lineback.

— Our home detectives, Messrs. Shepperd and Bahnson have again succeeded in capturing a counterfeiter. We have no further particulars.

—Fine rains Tuesday night and Wednesday, after a protracted drought. Weather cool and delightful.

—Chas. Bahnson, of Davie county, presented us with several ears of green corn (roasting ears), the first of the season.

—The joint discussion at Kernersville has been postponed from Saturday, 25th inst., to Saturday, the 2d proximo.

—Chas. Buford and lady have removed from the Merchant's Hotel, and now reside on Second street, nearly opposite the Baptist church.

—Among the attendants at Commencement last week, we notice Col. C. R. Jones, of the Charlotte *Observer* and D. R. Walker, of the Raleigh *News-Observer*.

—Miss Kate Sowers, of Lexington, was the guest of Miss Mollie Winkler during Commencement Week. Her visits to this place are always greatly enjoyed by her numerous friends here.

—Gov. Holden's historical sketch of journalism in North Carolina, read Tuesday night, was very interesting to the craft in attendance at the annual meeting of the Press Association.

—The New York Restaurant, in Winston, supplies a long-felt want. Everything is as clean and neat as a pin. With Cajer as cook, Nash as waiter and Wes as clerk, why what better guarantee do you want.

Geo. B. Everett has taken charge of the Revenue Office. Among the new officials in the office we notice Jacob Blickenderfer, John Shultz, H. C. Thomas, N. S. Cook, Everett Smith. Particulars next week.

—Miss Virginia Veach has a summer school in Stokes county, where she has been teaching during the past two years. Miss Lillie Veach is in Ashe county, where she will take charge of a school during the summer, returning to Virginia in the fall. Miss Ida Veach is in Watauga county, and teaches a summer school. Success to them and to their schools.

—Mrs. Scroggs, of Tennessee, formerly of this place, is on a visit to her numerous relatives and friends here. She is accompanied by her niece, Miss Stewart, of Illinois. They expect to spend the heated term in the mountains with Mrs. Sam'l F. Patterson, in Caldwell Co.

—Mr. and Mrs. Brower, of Davie, were here at Commencement, the guests of Mrs. O. A. Keehln. Mrs. Frank Johnson was at H. A. Lemly's.

—A. P. Winkler returned to his home in Knob Noster, Mo., last Friday, after a protracted visit to his friends and relatives here. May his genial face shine among us during the next spring time.

—Miss L——, of this place, received a pleasing surprise last evening by a visit from an elderly and eccentric lady from Yadkin, who suddenly conceived the idea that she must see the young lady whom she had fondled in her arms as an infant and for that purpose walked 25 miles, yesterday, in the sun and heat.

A number of Miss L——'s friends were present when the old lady arrived and all enjoyed the demonstrations of fondness which she bestowed on her dear young friend.

—The Salem Agricultural Works are well worth visiting, as you always find something new and interesting. The proprietor, Mr. Hege, has recently put in a new engine and a Gray & Wood planer 30 inches wide and 36 feet long. It is one of the largest in the State. Over fifty of Hege's Improved Saw Mills have been sold since last November, and the prospect of a larger trade this Fall is flattering. His mills have been sold in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Arkansas.

—We regret very much that we omitted a notice of the closing exercises of Miss Crist's Day School last week, and hope it is not too late to make amends. The exercises were held in Philharmonic Hall on Friday evening, 10th inst., and was a really enjoyable event. The programme consisted of readings, recitations, calisthenic and kindergarten exercises, and singing, both solo and chorus. The readings and recitations were exceptionally good, while the promptness, correct time and ease of the children in the calisthenics were admirable. The young gentleman who sang the Admiral's song from Pinafore, "When I was a lad," deserves great credit for his singing, as well as the chorus, for the spirited manner in which they "polished up the handle of the big front door." Both teacher and pupils deserve much praise for the excellence of the exercises which was an evidence of painstaking and thorough educational work. The hall was well filled, and the little folks received showers of bouquets. Miss Crist is certainly a successful teacher and deserves a liberal encouragement.

The Press Association

Met in Winston, Tuesday. The following is the programme as observed.

Capt. Ashe, of the *News-Observer*, delivered the address, Wednesday; W. W. Holden, Esq., read a carefully prepared historical sketch of journalism in North Carolina on Tuesday evening.

Col. J. D. Cameron, of the Durham *Recorder*, will read a paper upon the manufacturing interests of the State; and C. W. Deake, Esq., of the Asheville *News*, will read a paper upon the forests of Western North Carolina. Col. C. R. Jones will read a paper on the Mining interests of the State, to-day.

The Association met in Brown's Hall, at 10 o'clock, a. m. J. C. Buxton delivered the address of welcome on the part of Winston. The meetings of the Association are open to all who may wish to attend.

S. A. Ashe of Raleigh, was elected President of the Association and Jordan Stone, of Asheville, Secretary.

Vice Presidents: 1st, R. B. Creecy, 2d, Geo. Bradshaw, 3d, J. W. Goslen.

Wednesday night the young men of Winston and Salem will give a complimentary dance to the Association at the Salem Hotel, to which all the members are cordially invited.

Thursday night the banquet, given by the business men and citizens of the two towns.

Communicated.

Judge Lynch holds Court in Stokes County.

The *Press* recently noticed the arrest of two negroes in Stokes on a charge of gross outrages upon two white females.

The lynching of the fiend, Taylor, near Reidsville, together with the unseemly interest taken in one of the Stokes negroes by a prominent gentleman in that county, aroused the feelings of the people in that neighborhood to such an extent that on Monday night last over 200 armed men quietly rode into the town of Danbury, took the negroes, Estes Hairston and —— Lindsay, from the keeping of the jailor, mounted them on horses and silently rode away in the still night.

On Tuesday morning, at the cross roads, about midway between Stokesburg and Danbury, the ghastly sight of those two scoundrels hanging by the neck to the limb of an oak, might be seen, they having been tried, condemned and executed by an outraged community, who were threatened with the curse of having, one at least of these monsters, turned loose on society, to commit over again perhaps the horrible crime of which they were no doubt guilty.

We strongly advocate and urge upon our law-abiding citizens due respect for our laws, and can find no words of encouragement for the taking of life, that is not sanctioned by law, yet we must acknowledge that there are cases where the law has no terror for the criminal, and only the hot, searing iron and the knife promptly applied to the poisoned wound can save the patient's life, The moral effect that this hanging will have upon a class of people only too prone to commit this horrible crime on white women, will strike greater terror to their hearts than a dozen "trials by jury" or a dozen legal executions.

Death of John Vogler.

Last week we briefly noticed the death of this venerable citizen, widely and favorably known in business circles for over half a century. Mr. Vogler was prominent in all the secular interests of our town and well-known as one of the first earnest workers in the Sunday School cause of this county. He was born in Broadbay township, near Friedland 7 miles south of Salem on the 20th of November 1783, and died on Wednesday last at twenty minutes past twelve, noon, aged 97 years 6 months and 25 days.

He came to Salem in 1801, lived with his uncle, and learned the gunsmith's trade. His natural ingenuity caused him to learn the jeweler and silversmith trade; led an active life of over 60 years. He was identified with most of the enterprises of Salem, being one of the originators of the Salem Flouring Mills, Old Cotton Factory and Old Water Works. He was married in 1819, to Christina m. n. Spach, their union being blessed with 3 children, the mother and 2 children preceding him to eternity. Rev. Dr. E. Rondthaler preached the funeral sermon and his remains were interred in Salem's beautiful "God's Acre" on Friday evening last in the presence of a large congregation of people.

State Fair Notes.

A glance at the advance sheets of the premium list for our next State Fair shows not only a splendid list of premiums for our farmers, mechanics, housewives, manufacturers, dairymen, fruit and wine growers, but that our young people are allowed a conspicuous place in the chances for prizes and fun. In the programme we notice that Friday of the Fair is set apart as a gala day for the young people—bicycle racing, prize a $90 bicycle; grand sabre tournament; first prize a fine horse, bridle and saddle.

In the glass ball and pigeon matches the prizes are three elegant guns, two at $85 each and one at $150. In archery practice a prize of a nice and complete archery outfit.

Other amusements will be added and the skill and muscle of athletes will be tested. The "star premiums" will be presented on the grounds during the day to the successful and happy contestants by some distinguished man. Two splendid races are also booked for that day and to crown it all the young folks are to have a grand coronation ball at night.

The managers of the Fair are exerting themselves to give us the most interesting and the best fair ever held in the State, and we are glad to learn that they are encouraged by the most flattering prospects of success. Col. L. L. Polk, the Secretary, is working up a splendid list of special premiums. Those already obtained on cotton and tobacco alone amount in the aggregate to over 1,300. The cotton and grocers exchange of this city offers 25 cents per pound for the best bale of cotton produced the present year and brought to the Fair.

Six thousand copies of the premium list are about ready for distribution, and can be had by application to the Secretary. Write to him for a copy and see what is being done.—*News-Observer*.

When the Fields are White with Cotton!

"No money now; can't buy Pianos or Organs till cotton comes in." Yes you can. Rake up $10 *Cash on an Organ, or* $25 *Cash on a Piano*, and we will sell you during *June, July, August and September*, at **Rock Bottom Cash Rates** and wait 3 months for balance, *without one cent of interest*. Cash rates. Three Months Credit. No Interest. Don't forget it. Grand summer Clearing Out Sale of New and Second-Hand Instruments—500 Pianos, 500 Organs. All Styles. All grades. All prices. *Must be closed out. Special Terms* to Installment buyers. Cash prices advanced only *Ten Per Cent*. Fifteen Days Test Trial. Guaranteed Instruments from *six best makers*. Catalogue and full information mailed free of charge. Avoid being imposed upon by Beatty, or any other man, by ordering at once from the Great Wholesale Piano and Organ Depot of the South, **Ludden & Bates' Southern Music House, Savannah, Ga.**

Railroad Directory.

N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

Trains leave Salem Depot as follows:

1. Leaves Salem, 7,30 a .m.
   Arrives at Greensboro, 9,60 a. m.
   (Probably arrives in time to connect with train, for Raleigh,)
   Leaves Greensboro, 10,00 a. m.
   Arrives at Salem, 11,20 a. m.
2. Leaves Salem, 5,30 p. m.
   Arrives at Greensboro, 7,36 p. m.
   Leaves Greensboro, 9,40 p. m.
   Arrives at Salem, 11,07 p. m.

RICHMOND AND DANVILLE RAILROAD.

Arrives at Greensboro from Richmond, 8,17 p. m.

Leaves Greensboro for Richmond, 8,25 a. m.

Arrives at Greensboro from Richmond, 9,26 a. m.

Leaves Greensboro for Richmond, 8,18 p. m.

NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.

Arrives at Greensboro from Charlotte, 8,03 a. m.

Leaves Greensboro for Charlotte, 8,37 p. m

Arrives at Greensboro for Charlotte, 7,57 p. m.

Leaves Greensboro for Charlotte, 9,31 a. m.

Arrives from Goldsboro and Raleigh, 2,50 p. m. and 7,57 p. m.

Leaves for Goldsboro and Raleigh, 9,40 a. m. and 6,25 p. m.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

—Lewis' White Lead at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Paints and Oils, a full line at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Call at H. W. FRIES Store for gentlemens' Fine Shoes.

—Lithia Water for sale by the gallon at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW, at the Salem Book Store.

—Lamps and all Lamp Goods at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

—For your spring supply of Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' Shoes, go to H. W. FRIES'.

—GRAY & MARTIN, Druggists, succeed MONTAGUE & GRAY and GRAY & WILSON.

—Those wishing to try our Teas can obtain samples free.

GRAY & MARTIN.

—Fullest line of Toilet Articles and Perfumery in the towns at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

LOOK OUT!

N. T. SHORE & CO.,

SALEM, N. C.

HAVING carried on the GROCERY BUSINESS for the past 12 months, we announce to the citizens of Salem, Winston and vicinity, and the public generally, that we intend in the future, as in the past, to keep the best stock of

Family Groceries,

ever offered in this market.

Good Coffee at from 15 to 25 cents. Best qualities of Sugar. Good Tea, as cheap as the cheapest. Best Rice, Barley, Hominy, Grits and Oatmeal. Best quality of Spices constantly on hand.

Soda and Lemon Biscuits, and Ginger Snaps, fresh from the bakery. Royal Baking Powders, best in use.

Canned Goods.

Oysters, Sardines, Salmon.

Plain and Fancy Candies.

No. 1 Syrup, as good as the best. No 2 and 5 Syrup and Cuba and New Orleans Molasses. Baker's Chocolate.

CHOICE BACON AND LARD, AND GOO FLOUR AND MEAL always on hand.

No. 1 Apple Vinegar. White Wine Vinegar. Mackerel. Best Kerosene Oil. Candles. Matches. J. & P. Coats' Thread. Cigars. Black Mountain, Durham and Little Joker Smoking Tobacco. Chewing Tobacco, and Snuff, as good as can be found in this market. Soaps and Starch in any quantity. **Crockery, Glassware and Lamp Goods.** with many other articles too tedious to mention.

Country Produce

Bought for Cash or Barter.

CALL AND SEE US.

Thanking you for your kind patronage, we hope to merit a continuance of the same.

N. T. SHORE & CO.,
West side of Public Square, Salem, N. C.
Salem, N. C., May 12, 1881.-18.

New York Weekly Herald.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

The circulation of this popular newspaper is constantly increasing. It contains all the leading news of the Daily Herald and is arranged in handy departments. The

FOREIGN NEWS

embraces special dispatches from all quarters of the globe. Under the head of

AMERICAN NEWS

are given the Telegraphic Despatches of the week from all parts of the Union. This feature makes

THE WEEKLY HERALD

the most valuable chronicle in the world, as it is the cheapest. Every week is given a faithful report of

POLITICAL NEWS

embracing complete and comprehensive despatches from Washington, including full reports of the speeches of eminent politicians on the questions of the home

THE FARM DEPARTMENT

of the WEEKLY HERALD gives the latest as well as the most practical suggestions and discoveries relating to the duties of the farmer, hints for raising Cattle, Poultry, Grains, Trees, Vegetables, &c., &c., with suggestions for keeping buildings and farming utensils in repair. This is supplemented by a well-edited department, widely copied, under the head of

THE HOME,

giving recipes for practical dishes, hints for making clothing and for keeping up with the latest fashions at the lowest price. Every item of cooking or economy suggested in this department is practically tested by experts before publication. Letters from our Paris and London correspondents on the very latest fashions. The Home Department of the WEEKLY HERALD will save the housewife more than one hundred times the price of the paper. The interests of

SKILLED LABOR

are looked after, and everything relating to mechanics and labor saving is carefully recorded. There is a page devoted to all the latest phases of the business markets, Crops, Merchandise, &c., &c. A valuable feature is found in the specially reported prices and conditions of

THE PRODUCE MARKET.

SPORTING NEWS at home and abroad, together with a Story every week, a Sermon by some eminent divine, Literary, Musical, Dramatic, Personal and Sea Notes. There is no paper in the world which contains so much news matter every week as the WEEKLY HERALD, which is sent, postage free, for One Dollar. You can subscribe at any time. THE NEW YORK HERALD, IN A WEEKLY FORM, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Address NEW YORK HERALD,
Broadway and Ann St., New York.

Dr BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

FINE SHOES.

Just received the largest stock of FINE SHOES, ever brought to this market,—all Ziegler Brothers manufacture.

Also a large line of Carpet samples.

H. W. FRIES.

WANTED.

A good, sober and reliable Harness maker can find employment by applying to S. A. VEACH,
May 19, 1881. Salem, N. C.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the exoruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use, in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an **Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are certain to give relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh, Consumption and Throat Diseases.** For thirty years the Troches have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. They are not new or untried, but having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. **Public speakers** and **singers** use them to clear and strengthen the **Voice.** Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat, (white) per bush	$1 30 to $1 50
Wheat, (red) " "	1 15 to 1 30
Corn, per bushel,	60 to 65
Oats, " "	50 to 60
Rye, " "	90 to 1 00
Barley, per bush	00 to 00
Flour, per hundred	3 00 to 3 75
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel	00 to 00
Peas, (white,) " "	00 to 00
Beans, (col'd,) " "	00 to 00
Beans, (white,) " "	00 to 00
Onion Setts, per bushel	0 00 to 00
Pork	6 to 7
Country Meat, (hog round,)	10 to 09
" Hams	10 to 12
Green Apples per bushel	00 to 0 00
Eggs, per dozen	10 to 00
Butter, per pound	15 to 20
Tallow, " "	5 to 0
Beeswax " "	20 to 20
Flax Seed, per bushel	80 to 0 90
Potatoes, Irish, per bush	60 to 0 75
Potatoes, sweet, " "	50 to 75
Cabbage, per pound	1½ to 2
Chickens, per dozen	1 50 to 2 00
Hay, per hundred	50 to 55
Fodder, per hundred bds	00 to 00
Shucks, per hundred lbs	00 to 00
Blackberries	0 to 00
Whortlleberries	0 to 00
Dried Cherries	0 to 00
Dried Apples	0 to 00

Winston Tobacco Market.

[CORRECTED BY A. B. GORRELL.]

The offerings continue reasonably large with but little improvement in quality. Prices remain firm for all rich, waxy fillers and wrappers, while the nondescrip and inferior sorts are lower. Bright and fancy wrappers are unusually scarce and in good demand.

Lugs Common Green	3 00 to 3 50
" " Red	3 75 to 4 50
" Good	4 50 to 5 50
Smokers, common green bight	4 00 to 5 00
" " bright	5 50 to 6 50
" good	7 00 to 8 50
" fine	9 00 to 11 00
" fancy	12 00 to 18 00
Good, rich, ripe, sweet fillers	9 00 to 17 00
Cutters, thin, bright leaf	12 00 to 18 00
Leaf, common green	5 00 to 7 00
" " red	6 00 to 8 50
" good, waxy red	9 00 to 12 00
Wrappers Common dark	8 00 to 11 00
" Good, red	11 50 to 15 00
" com., mahoghany,	12 50 to 18 00
" good, rich, "	20 00 to 25 00
" fine "	30 00 to 45 00
" common bright	16 00 to 18 00
" good	22 50 to 30 00
" fine	35 00 to 40 50
" fancy	50 00 to 60 00 to 70 00

Damaged tobacco of all grades sells very low.

Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C. Post Office Arrangements. Office hours from 7 o'clock, A. M., to 6 P. M., during the week, and on Sunday from 7 to 8 A. M.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING OF MAILS.

RAILROAD, from Greensboro to Salem closes every day, except Sunday at 6.45. a. m., and every day at 3.40, p. m. Due every day, by 12:30, a. m., and every day except Sunday, by 11.45, a. m.

MOUNT AIRY, via Winston, Old Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Tobaccoville, Dalton, Bliss and Flat Shoals. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:30, a. m. Due every day except Sunday, at 3, p. m.

DANBURY, via Winston, Flat Branch, Sedge Garden, Germanton Walnut Cove and Meadows. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:30, a. m, Due every day, except Sunday by 3, p. m.

YADKINVILLE, via Winston, Lewisville, Panther Creek Conrad's and Charity closes every day except Sunday at 5:30, a. m. Due every day except Sunday by 3, p. m.

ROCKFORD, via Mount Tabor, Vienna, Red Plains and East Bend and Richmond Hill Closes Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5:30, a. m. Due Monday, Wednesday and Friday by 6, p.m.

FULTON, via Friedberg, Yokely, Advance and Elbaville. Closes every Tuesday and Friday at 5:30, a. m. Due Tuesday and Friday by 7, p. m.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

GET THE BEST.

If you intend some day to get

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED, "DO IT NOW."

THE NEW EDITION

Contains over 118,000 Words, 1928 Pages, 3000 Engravings, Four Pages Colored Plates, 4600 NEW WORDS and Meanings,

Biographical Dictionary of over 9700 Names.

THE "most beautiful and complete English Dictionary."

HAS 3000 Engravings, nearly three times as many as any other Dict'y.

EVERY school and family should have it for constant reference.

GET THE STANDARD.

SALE of *Webster's* is over 20 times the sale of any other series of Dictionaries.

THE "highest authority of the Courts in definition."—*Chief Justice Waite.*

ALMOST universal authority in deciding the meaning of words.

NO other Dictionary has been bought by any State to supply its Schools.

DICTIONARY on which nine-tenths of the School Books of the country are based.

AUTHORITY in the Government Printing Office at Washington. Jan. 1881.

RECOMMENDED by State Supt's Schools in 36 States, and 50 College Pres'ts.

DICTIONARY that has been placed in more than 32,000 public schools in U. S.

IS IT NOT THE STANDARD?

Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.

Also Webster's National Pictorial Dictionary. 1040 Pages Octavo. 600 Engravings.

GEO. W. HINSHAW. W. M. HINSHAW.

SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1881.

HINSHAW BROTHERS,

WINSTON, N. C.

Four years ago to-day we opened our first stock of GOODS in one of the buildings we now occupy. Not satisfied to remain where we started, we have from time to time added to our building and stock, so that we can safely say that we now have the most complete Store Rooms in the State. We have in use two of BATES' best ELEVATORS by the means of which we have easy access to all parts of the ten Rooms in our Block, all of which are filled with Merchandise of every description, which we buy at the lowest prices, mostly from manufacturers, and which we will sell at reasonable prices.

IN OUR WHOLESALE DEPARTMENTS, WHICH ARE THE LARGEST IN TOWN, we will duplicate in prices any bill of an ordinary amount bought in any market, freight taken into consideration.

OUR RETAIL DEPARTMENTS ARE THE MOST COMPLETE IN WINSTON. We call especial attention to our line of

DRESS GOODS,

TRIMMINGS, LAWNS, PEQUETS, SUITINGS, NOTIONS, PARASOLS, COTTONADES, CASSIMERES, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Winchester, Va., and Miles' Philadelphia Shoes A SPECIALTY.

OUR STOCK CONSISTS IN PART OF

400 Suits of Mens' and Boys' Clothing
40 Cases Hats.
85 Cases and Bales of Dry Goods
50 Cases Notions
100 Bags Coffee
50 Barrels Sugar
75 " Syrups
150 Kegs of Nails and Horse Shoes

SPLENDID STOCK OF

STAPLE HARDWARE,

Drugs and Patent Medicines.

Tin Ware, Hollow Ware and Queensware

in large quantities and great variety.

2,000 Dozens Coats' Spool Cotton at N. Y. Prices.
2,000 Pounds Sole Leather.
20,000 Pounds Meat and Lard.
White Lead, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

We intend to make it to the interest of every one to come and see us, and we invite you to do so.

7,500 BAGS OF THE CELEBRATED STAR BRAND TOBACCO MANURE For Sale this Spring.

Buy your GOODS of us and sell your TOBACCO at our NEW WAREHOUSE, (PACE'S) when completed, and you will come as near getting the worth of your money in Merchandise, and the worth of your Tobacco in money as you can get in this wide world.

COME ONE, COME ALL.

Respectfully,

HINSHAW BROTHERS.

May 19th, 1881.

JOHN GATLING, President, W. H. CROW, Vice-President
W. S. PRIMROSE, Secretary and Treasurer,
P. COWPER Adjuster and Supervisor.

NORTH CAROLINA

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,

RALEIGH, N. C.

INSURES ALL CLASSES OF

Insurable Property,

Against Loss or Damage by Fire,

On the Most Reasonable Terms.

Losses Promptly Adjusted and Paid.

Encourage Home Institutions.

J. W. BEARD, Agent, at Kernersville, N. C.

J. A. LINEBACK, Agent at Salem, N. C.

Gray & Martin,

DRUGGISTS,

Winston, N. C.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE LEADING COMPANY OF THE WORLD

Assets, over - - $30,000,000.

Total Claims Paid, SEVENTY MILLON DOLLARS

New York Office, 45 William Street.

DAVENPORT & CO., GENERAL AGENTS
1113 Main Street, Richmond, Va.
J. A. LINEBACK, SALEM, N. C.,
Agent for Salem, Winston and vicinity.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated family publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $300 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home overnight. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages in the business fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

JOB PRINTING of all descriptions executed with neatness and dispatch at the PRESS OFFICE.

NEW BOOKS.—A lot of new Seaside Library publications just received at the Salem Bookstore.

I. W. DURHAM,

PRACTCAL

Marble-Worker

AND DEALER IN

MONUMENTS

AND

TOMBSTONES.

WINSTON, N. C.

Write for Price List and Designs.
March 21—26-12—1 year.

SPRING OPENING.

NEW GOODS.
REDUCED PRICES.

CALL AND SEE.

JUST RECEIVED at Mrs. DOUTHIT'S, a large assortment of all kinds of

MILLINERY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

WHITE GOODS, &c., &c.,

for the Spring and Summer of 1881, which will be sold cheap for cash.

All are invited to call.

MRS. T. B. DOUTHIT.
Salem, N. C., April, 1, 1881.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

$25 PREMIUM.

GET THE BEST.

Turner's Patent Evaporator.

A PREMIUM OF $25 will be given the farmer who produces the greatest quantity of sugar from syrup made by Turner's Patent Evaporator, from one acre of seed cane, grown in North Carolina. Ten pounds to be exhibited at the next annual State Fair at Raleigh.

Turner's Patent Evaporator has been in use for two years, and is highly reconmended by farmers and others who have used it. The following certificate speaks for itself:

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, SURRY CO., January 18th, 1881.

To all whom it may concern:

This is to certify that I have used the Turner Evaporator for the past year and find it to be a perfect success.

It has advantages that no other evaporator has:

1st. The fire can be regulated without any danger of risk of burning or scorching the molasses.

2nd. The arrangement is such that you can regulate the flow of juice and discharge of finished syrup with such accuracy as not to endanger the syrup from its having tinge of scorch or dark drugy appearance.

3rd. It facilitates the labor so very much that one hand can attend to the Evaporator and do good work; besides many other advantages that I have neither time or space here to enumerate.

REV. J. J. SETLIFF.

P. S. I made syrup from the early Amber Cane that actually commenced the process of granulation on the Evaporator.

J. J. S.

For further information, call on or address; W. E. TURNER, Dalton, N. C.

or B. TURNER, Bethanina, N. C.

March 3, 1881-8-6m.

A. N. ZEVELY,
ON F. STREET,
WASHINGTON, - - D. C
(Late Assistant Postmaster-General.)
Attends to business before any of the Departments. Collections, etc.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Also excellent for human flesh. READ PROOF BELOW.

From a Prominent Physician.

Washingtonville, Ohio, June 17th, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—Reading your advertisement in Turf, Field and Farm, of Kendall's Spavin Cure, and having a valuable and speedy horse which had been lame from spavin eighteen months, I sent to you for a bottle by express, which in six weeks removed all lameness and enlargement and a large splint from another horse, and both horses are to-day as sound as colts. The one bottle was worth to me one hundred dollars.

Respectfully yours, H. A. BERTOLETT, M.D.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

Harrisburg, Pa., Nov. 18th, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—I have a very fine mare that has had a bone spavin for a long time. I tried every thing man could devise to cure it but all in vain and was about to give it up when a friend of mine in this city came to me and recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure which I tried with grand results, removing that bone clear and clean and then I sent 25 cents to you for one of your Illustrated Horse Books and I think there is no better book printed on the horse and his diseases. I have taken great interest in it and have since sold 15 copies for you to my neighbors and will try and do what good I can by getting them for others.

Yours truly, G. W. MILLER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE ON HUMAN FLESH.

Bakersfield, Vt., Dec. 23, 1879.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—I wish to add my testimony in favor of your invaluable liniment, "Kendall's Spavin Cure." In the spring of 1862 I slipped on the ice and sprained my limb at the knee joint. I was very lame and at times suffered the most excruciating pain. I wore a bandage on it for over a year, and tried most everything in my reach, but could find nothing that would give me permanent relief. When I overworked, it would pain me very much. In April 1879 I began to think I should be a cripple for life; but having some of "Kendall's Spavin Cure" thought I would try it. I used one-third of a bottle, and experienced relief at once. The pain left me and has not troubled me since. I feel very grateful to you and would recommend "Kendall's Spavin Cure" to all who suffer with sprains or rheumatism.

Yours truly, MRS. J. BOUTELL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE is sure in its effects, mild in its action as it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep-seated pain or to remove any bony growth, or other enlargement, such as spavins, splints, curbs, callous, sprains, swellings, any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, or rheumatism in man and for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mild and yet certain in its effects.

Send address for Illustrated Circular, which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unqualified success to our knowledge, for beast as well as man.

Price $1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. ALL DRUGGISTS have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO. Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

SOLD BY ALL DRUG STORES.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted every where to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

CHOICE LOT

—OF—

GOOD BOOKS

AT COST

—AT—

Blum's Bookstore,

SALEM N. C

A FEARFUL HALF-HOUR.

Lives of Cincinnati Millionaires in Imminent Peril.

In the early days of the Cincinnati Southern, before it had attained its present system, and immediately after the road had been opened for traffic to Somerset, occurred an event the recollection of which even to this day serves to bring out goose flesh on those who at the time were cognizant of the impending disaster.

Within a few days after passenger travel began the officers of the Southern sent invitations for a trip over the road to all of Cincinnati's wealthiest men and heaviest taxpayers, and on the morning of the excursion dozens of carriages left the Burnet house, the place of meeting, and conveyed them across the river to Ludlow, where the "special," headed by No. 1, the crack engine, with Mat. Coombs at the lever, was in waiting. Miles N. Beatty, now superintendent of the southern division, was conductor. When all the excursionists were on board the engineer and conductor went into Train Dispatcher Cooledge's office, where they read and signed the following order, and placed copies in their pockets:

"Meet and pass No. 2, north-bound passenger train, at Williamstown."

To Williamstown for delivery to the north-bound passenger train on arrival, was sent the following order:

"—Conductor:

"Meet and pass south-bound special at Williamstown."

So that the situation stood thus—either train reaching the place indicated first was to go on the siding and wait there until the one coming from the opposite direction had arrived and gone ahead on the cleared track. Of the wealthy passenger load some were seated chatting, others were standing on the platforms, and still others on the summer car, when, glancing up and down his train, the conductor, finding everything in good order and readiness, waved his hand to the watching engineer, and the special pulled out, slowly at first, but as it moved on the speed increased until it went out of sight around the curve a-flying, and a little later a rumbling sound told of its crossing the trestle, and that it was well and fairly started on the way south. It was understood that extra fast time was to be made, and to offer no obstacle the track had been cleared of everything save the passenger train referred to.

One half hour after the start from Ludlow, No. 2, fifteen minutes behind time, reached Williamstown, at which place the standing rule was imperative that conductors should at all times stop and inquire for orders. Stopping only long enough to unload a passenger in the mud, the conductor, thinking only of making up lost time, signaled the engineer, and the train went on.

The horrified operator from his window saw No. 2 flashing northward to what seemed inevitable destruction, as the telegraph line between his room and Ludlow was unbroken by a single instrument, and at that moment two trains at high rates of speed were rapidly lessening the distance between each other on the single track. He telegraphed at once to Ludlow that "No. 2 had passed without stopping for orders."

All color left the face of train dispatcher Cooledge as he received the message and as he communicated the dire intelligence to Jack Redmond, master of transportation, that individual's countenance assumed a similar hue. With him to think was to act. Stepping to the station door he quietly beckoned several men to him and composedly gave instructions to each. One-half dozen of them went on the double-quick in different directions for physicians. The storekeeper went into the warehouse and gathered together sponges, baskets, materials for splints and soft muslin for bandages. Meanwhile other employes had run up to the engine-house, and starting a fire under an idle locomotive had hitched on to a caboose and backed down in front of the station where the car was transformed at once into a hospital coach. To all save Redmond and Cooledge these preparations were mysterious. The relief train was soon in readiness, but did not start. Redmond, seated at the desk and estimating the rate of speed at which the trains were moving, calculated about where the collision would take place. Some of the passengers would escape unhurt, and one of them would hasten at once on horseback to Williamstown, the nearest point for medical aid. Hear the operator would learn the exact locality of the accident and send a dispatch to Ludlow. Possessed of this information Redmond could send his waiting engine and car, with its corps of physicians and nurses, to the spot at the rate of nearly a mile a minute. The other and slower plan would be to have let the "relief" start out and cautiously find its way around the many curves. He chose the wiser course. The scene in the train dispatcher's office was painful. Cooledge, leaning over the silent instrument, watched it with feverish eyes as if to read its secret before transmission. On another chair was Redmond, with big globes of perspiration coming from the pores of his face and rolling down unheeded. Neither man spoke. Five, ten, twenty, thirty minutes that seemed like ages past, when came a sharp click. It was Williamstown calling Ludlow. Cooledge's hair rose up on end as he gave the response. Redmond stood up and placed a hand on the door knob. The next moment Cooledge fairly yelled, "No collision. No. 2 has just backed into Williamstown." The two men shook hands with the same vigor as if they were twin brothers and hadn't met for a thousand years.

It was then ascertained that, by the most fortunate circumstances, the trains had simultaneously entered from opposite ends upon the longest piece of straight track between the two telegraph stations, and instantaneous application of brakes had brought them to a stop within twenty feet of each other. No. 2, recognizing the "special's" right of way, backed to Williamstown, where it went in on the siding, and Cincinnati's millionaires and capitalists proceeded unhurt on their journey.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

An Indian Fever and Ague Cure.

A party of us, while on a recent excursion, came across a company of Indians who were from Maine. One old squaw, who was preparing materials for baskets of rather fine pattern, was quite sociable. In the course of our conversation she told us an Indian boy had the fever and ague. We asked:

"What do you do for it?"

"Oh, we do what they tell us—we take something—I can't think what they call it."

"Quinine," we suggested.

Here a big Indian, who was within hearing, put in:

"That's poison—ugh!"

And the squaw replied:

"No, no; we don't take that."

"It goes to the bones," said the man. "Yes," he continued, "quinine will kill—settle in your bones—make um ache."

We inquired what he considered the best remedy. Upon which our Indian sage replied:

"Grated horseradish, one-half cup; whisky, half pint; mix; take a spoonful three times a day—no fail—will cure you." After a moment he added: "It's heating;" which we do not in the least doubt.—*Oneida Circular.*

FOR THE LADIES.

Turkish Wives.

First among the Turkish social topics is that of the harem. The Koran allows a Mussulman to have four wives; and many persons have consequently imagined that polygamy is a rule in Turkey, whereas it is the exception. A Mussulman may only have as many wives as he can keep in comfort; and it is only the very rich who can afford four. The middle-class Turks have only one wife apiece; the men of the lowest class are often obliged to remain single from not having the means to support a consort in the style which the Moslem law enjoins. Nothing can be more un-Turkish than the Mormon idea of accumulating a number of women to live under one roof, quarreling in the kitchen and parlor and acting as household drudges for their husband. The Turkish wife is not a slave; the chief fault to find with her is that she has too lofty a sense of her own dignity. An advocate of female rights would have some difficulty in persuading her that her lot was pitiable; she has never envied the emancipation of Christian women, whose free ways shock her; while she has noticed that they get much less respect from the men of their faith than that which is invariably vouchsafed to herself. She veils her face with no more regret than a Western lady unveils her shoulders. Turkish women are not shut up. They go out when they please, attended by their odaliks if rich, or holding their children by the hand; and their magpie voices fill the bazaars, for they are noisy talkers. Whenever they pass, men of all creeds stand aside deferentially. If a husband meets a wife in the street he makes no sign of recognition; if he perceives her halting before a draper's stall and gazing significantly at a silk dearer than he can afford he must possess his soul in resignation, muttering "Masshallah." This respect for women prevails also in the home circle, and it comes naturally to the Mussulman, who has been taught from his boyhood to behave courteously to the softer sex. The Western conjugal expression about "wearing the breeches" has its Turkish counterpart in the phrase to "live under the slipper;" and it is to be feared that not a few Turks know the taste of this implement of uxorial persuasion. A hamal (street porter) once came before a cadi to complain that his wife trounced him too frequently. "See what mine does," answered the magistrate, opening his gown and showing some weals on his neck and shoulders. "Go thy way, my son, and thank Allah thou art luckier than I."

Fashion Notes.

Chenille flowers are embroidered on grenadine gowns.

The mitt will continue in fashion this summer in all colors.

Steel stitching appears on some slippers of new designs.

Stockings shaded from the toe up are the newest folly in hosiery.

Spanish lace is used to trim cloth mantles as well as those of silk.

Flowers are not used on coarse straw hats by good milliners this year.

The striped silks in shaded colors have seventeen tints in one stripe.

The white lace frill basted in the skirts of gowns is not worn in the street.

The draperies of muslin dresses are not hemmed, but turned under and looped.

Satin cord gimps and chenille embroidery replace moss trimmings on summer garments.

After all there is no wrap more beautiful nor more generally becoming than a light Chuddah shawl.

Black bonnets are worn with white and pale tinted toilets, and vice versa white ones with black or dark costumes.

Pretty and inexpensive dresses are made of challies in Japanese designs, on grounds of pale blue, rose, and green or white.

Porcupine straws are trimmed with satin ribbon and silk tufts, smooth decorations apparently meant to neutralize their rough effect.

The favorite finish of borders this summer is to cut them into long vandykes supported underneath by plaitings of the materials of the dress.

Lambrequins are made of the Algerian striped goods, fringed at both ends and hung by large rungs attached to the ends of the curtain poles.

The brocade grenadine is only used for mantles now by the best dressmakers. Gowns are made of the plain grenadine, almost covered with Spanish lace.

The new Scotch ginghams are very brilliant in coloring, and the fabric is unusually fine. They are as handsome in appearance as the plaided silks of last season.

Bishop sleeves, with shoulder cap and cuffs of jetted black lace and collars to match, are seen in many of the black lace and black grenadine dresses lately imported.

Chuddah shawls of light quality in all shades of blue, rose, gray and pure white, ivory and cream remain the favorite summer wrap of the most fashionable women.

White cashmere, nun's veiling or vigogne, trimmed with lace and white satin, are favorite materials for graduating dresses. Broad sashes of the white satin fastened with buckles of cut steel are very effectively worn over these costumes.

White petticoats are little worn except with long evening dresses, surah being the most fasionable material for day wear, black surah with narrow flounces edged with lace, and headed by two or three lace insertions over colored ribbon, being excessively fashionable.

Costly Bookbinding.

Mr. Joseph Sabin, in a conversation with a New York *Evening Post* reporter, gave the following information in regard to the binding of books, which is to be classed among the fine arts:

The finest modern binders are in Paris. David is at their head. He does not bind probably more than a thousand volumes a year. But he charges his own prices and works only for a certain set of rich men who put nothing in their libraries that is not perfect. Lortic is is another Frenchman who does exquisite work. Two years ago I saw two volumes of Lafontaine's Tales bound by him at a cost of one thousand dollars for each volume, and they were octavos at that. If the covers had been in solid gold they would not have cost so much. But each volume represented more than a year's labor by a first-class workman, who used more than ten thousand different tools in the work. Zahnsdorf is an Austrian who has made Paris his home and who does excellent work. Some of the unique bindings that may be found in the great private libraries of Europe show how little advance the world has made in the art of bookbinding in the last two hundred years. One of the finest bindings I ever saw is in the library of the Earl of Ashburnham—a prayer-book given by Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, the covers being of open fretted gold. Some of the volumes in this collection would cost $3,500 to bind to-day, if such work can be done.

Complaints are made that the oilcloths used for covering the tops of baby carriages contain poisonous pigments, and children have been made ill from breathing the poisonous exhalations.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Life in the Arctic Regions—Sunbeams and Snow Blindness—Beautiful Short-Lived Arctic Flowers.

It is difficult, indeed, for one who has not witnessed it himself to understand the full meaning of the "midnight sun." The idea of the long Arctic night seems to be much more generally comprehended. Nearly all writers upon the subject, whether those who have themselves experienced its effects, or whether their knowledge is derived from study, dwell with great force on the terribly depressing effect upon the physical organization of the natives of the median zones caused by the long Arctic night whenever brought within its influence. Though much less has been written or said concerning the interminable day its effects are almost as deleterious upon the stranger as the prolonged night. Indeed, to the sojourner in high latitudes the day is much more appreciable, for at no point yet visited by man is the darkness the total darkness of night throughout the entire day, while the "midnight sun" makes the night like noonday. Even when the sun passes below the horizon at its upper culmination the daylight is as intense as at noon in lower latitudes when the sun's disk is obscured by thin clouds. The long twilight in the north, where the sun's apparent path around the earth varies so little in altitude as its upper and lower culminations, takes some of the edge off of the prolonged night at the highest latitude ever attained by the Arctic explorer, but there is nothing to relieve the long, long weary day of its full power upon the system.

In this latitude tha sun goes down at night and we retire to our couches and sleep. In the morning the sun returns and we arise to the pursuit of our various daily avocations. But there in the spring the sun never sets. There is no morning and no night. It is one continuous day for months. At first it seems very difficult to understand this strange thing in nature. One never knows when to sleep. The world seems to be entirely wrong, and man grows nervous and restless. Sleep is driven from his very eyelids, his appetite fails and all the disagreeable results of protracted vigils are apparent. But gradually he becomes used to this state of affairs, devises means to darken his tent and once more enjoys his hour of rest. In fact, he learns how to take advantage of the new arrangement, and when traveling pursues his journey at night, or when the sun is lowest, because then he finds the frost that hardens the snow a great assistance in sledging.

The sun's rays then, falling more obliquely, are less powerful, and he avoids somewhat the evils that beset his pathway at noontime. He is not so much exposed to sunburn or snow blindness. It may sound strangely to speak of sunburn in the frigid zone, but perhaps nowhere on earth is the traveler more annoyed by that great ill. The heat of ordinary exercise compels him to throw back the hood of his fur coat, that the cool mornings and evenings precludes his discarding, and not only his entire face becomes blised,t but, especially, if he is fashionable enough to wear his hair thin upon the top of his head, his entire scalp is affected about as severely as if a bucket of scalding water had been poured over his head. This is not an exaggeration.

During the spring of 1880 Lieutenant Schwatka's entire party, while upon a sledge journey from Marble Island to Camp Daly, were so severely burned that not only their faces but their entire heads were swollen to twice their natural size. A fine-looking party they were. Some had their faces so swollen that their eyes were completely closed upon awakening from sleep. When one could see the others he could not refrain from laughing, so ludicrous was the spectacle. All dignity was lost. Even the august commander of the party was a laughing stock, and though he knew why they laughed at each other he could not understand why he should excite such mirth until he saw his face in a mirror, and then he too tried to smile, but his lips were so thoroughly swollen that the effect was entirely lost, and it was impossible to tell whether his expression denoted amusement, anger or pain.

The torture resulting from these burns was so severe that it was almost impossible to sleep. The fur bedding, which also served the purpose of a pillow, irritated the burn, like applying a mustard plaster to a blister. Then it was that the night was turned into day for the rest of the journey, and during the heat of the day the party were comparatively comfortable in the shelter of their tent. Straw hats would have been the proper style of headdress, but they had been omitted from the outfit, as was also another very important source of comfort, mosquito netting. It is in the summer, however, that the necessity for the latter luxury is encountered.

While the sun's rays pour down with all their force upon the devoted head of the traveler the reflection from the snow is almost as intense and still more disagreeable, for there is no possible escape from it. Not satisfied with producing its share of sunburn it acts upon the eyes in a manner that produces that terrible scourge of the Arctic spring—snow-blindness. It is a curious fact, persons who are near-sighted are generally exempt from the evils of snow-blindness, while it appears to be more malignant with those who are far-sighted in direct ratio to the superior quality of their vison. Lieutenant Schwatka, and his companion, the correspondent of the *Herald*, are both near-sighted, and during the two seasons that they were exposed to the disease were neither at any time affected by snow-blindness, while the other members of the party, and especially the natives, who have most powerful visual organs, were almost constantly martyrs to the disease whenever exposed to its attacks.

It seems to be the only method of guarding against it to wear what we called snow goggles all the time one is out of doors. The natives use those of home manufacture—that is, a piece of wood with a notch to fit over the bridge of the nose, and a narrow, horizontal slit opposite each eye. This rude spectacle, called by them igearktoo, is made to fit close to the eyes, and is held in place by strings passing behind and over the top of the head. It serves to shelter the eyes from the direct and reflected rays of the sun, but also interrupts the vision so much that they habitually push it up on top of their head, and run a risk which almost invariably results to their disadvantage, yet their goggles are so unsatisfactory that no amount of adverse experience is sufficient to serve as a warning to them.

The civilized visitors among them wear goggles of various patterns and degrees of excellence. Some are made of differently colored glass; from the various shades of smoked glass to blue and green of varying degrees of opacity; some are of glass surrounded with wire gauze, others of wire gauze without the glass, and some with merely a strip of bunting hanging from the peak of the cap. Of all the various kinds the general experience seems to be in favor of the wire gauze without glass. They interfere very little with the vision and yet furnish a perfect protection for the eyes. Glass of any pattern or shade subjects the wearer to constant annoyance by fogging from the breath, which congeals very rapidly upon the surface of the glass and, apparently always at the most inconvenient time, as when the hunter is stalking a deer by crawling a long distance upon his hands and knees, and just as he raises his rifle for a shot his goggles are like pieces of ground glass. The native spectacles give such a limited field of vision that it is impossible to use them in hunting, but the wire gauze seems to be free from all these objections. A well supplied expedition is provided with every kind of snow goggles, as they are absolutely essential to the well being of the party. The superiority of the wire gauze pattern seemed to have been appreciated by the Franklin expedition, for many of them were found at the various burial places and at other points where relics were obtained. It is also said that painting around the eyes upon the upper and lower lids with burned cork or some other dark pigment is a protection against snow-blindness, but it is doubtful if this method has been sufficiently tested to admit of its being relied upon. The symptoms of snow-blindness are inflammation of the inner coating of the lids, accompanied by intense pain and impairment of the vision so as to disable the sufferer from the performance of his duties. A wash of diluted tincture of opium is probably the best remedy and gives almost immediate relief. The patient should remain within doors for two or three days, by which time he will usually be sufficiently cured to resume his out-door labors.

It might be supposed that in the utter barrenness of the Arctic landscape flowers never grew there. This would be a great mistake. The dweller in that desolate region, after passing a long, dreary winter, with nothing for the eye to rest upon but the vast expanse of snow and ice, is in a condition to appreciate beyond the ability of an inhabitant of warmer climes the little flowerets that peep up almost through the snow when the spring sunlight begins to exercise its power upon the white mantle of the earth. In little patches here and there, where the dark-colored moss absorbs the warm rays of the sun and the snow is melted from the surface, the most delicate flowers spring up at once to gladden the eye of the weary traveler. It needs not the technical skill of the botanist to admire these lovely tokens of approaching summer. Thoughts of home, in a warmer and more hospitable climate, fill his heart with joy and longing as meadows filled with daisies and buttercups spread out before him as he stands upon the crest of a granite hill that knows no footstep other than the tread of the stately musk ox or the antlered reindeer, as they pass in single file upon their migratory journeys, and whose caverns echo to no sound save the howling of the wolves or the discordant cawing of the raven. He is a boy again, and involuntarily plucks the dandelion and seeks the time of day by blowing the puffy edge from its stem, or tests the faith of the fair one who is dearer to him than ever in this hour of separation, by picking the leaves from the yellow-hearted daisy. Tiny little violets, set in a background of black or dark green moss, adorn the hillsides, and many flowers unknown to warmer zones come bravely forth to flourish for a few weeks only and wither in the August winds. Very few of these flowers, so refreshing and charming to the eye, have any perfume. Nearly all smell of the dank moss that forms their bed.—*New York Herald.*

Fasting and Feasting in Russia.

There is in ordinary times plenty of cheap bread in Russia, and plenty of cabbages and dwarf cucumbers, which, with tea and perhaps a little quass, form the staple food of the moujiks, who, naturally abstinent from everything but strong drink, are artificially encouraged to spare living by their long and strictly observed religious fasts. The Petrof, or Peter's Fast, is of a duration of two or five weeks, according to the incidence of Easter Sunday; the fast of the Uspenski fast—called by the people the Gospozinski—lasts from the first to the fifteenth of August; the Philippoff, or St. Phillip's fast, endures during the six weeks preceding Christmas; and between the Carnival and Easter there is another most rigidly observed fast. Beid es these, Wednesdays and Fridays in every week throughout the year are fasts most scrupulously adhered to—by the common people and, as a rule, by females of all classes. But if the upper ranks were as religiously abstemious as their inferiors I fancy that the restaurateurs of St. Petersburg would very speedily exhibit a very remarkable unanimity in going bankrupt. As it is, well-to-do Russians are perhaps the most persistent gormandizers on the earth's surface.

I have seen a considerable amount of eating and drinking in my time, in a good many countries, wholly or partially civilized, but never have I witnessed such determined knife and fork play as that which goes on in the Muscovite capital. And I have abided there in spring and in summer, in autumn and in winter. The great grief felt by the Petersburgers for the assassination of the Czar Alexander II. failed certainly to have any perceptible effect on their appetites. They ate and drank like so many Grandgosiers during the whole of the period intervening between the translation of the imperial remains to the fortress and the final act of inhumation; and the *Propos des Beuveurs* was continuous, and as Rabelaisian as the gendarme-infected atmosphere would permit.—*London Telegraph.*

What They Want in Colorado.

We want girls—girls who can get themselves up in good shape to go to a dance. The boys are getting tired of receiving invitations with a request that they "bring ladies." They are like oranges and apples—scarce.

We want girls who will go to church and to Bible class on Sunday, and that kind who can draw a congregation of the other sex, and who will take a buggy ride after the lesson is over. This will help the livery business, and will also hasten the sale of residence lots, for buggies are the vehicles in which homes are first thought of by many.

We want girls that can wait on the table, who can smile us into an appetite when stomach bitters are impotent, and who will make the boarders regular at meals.

We want girls for sweethearts, so that when we get an arm shot off, or are kick by a mule, or are thrown from a bucking horse and are laid away for repairs, we may hear a gentle voice and see the glitter of a crystal tear spoken and dropped in unconscious sympathy.—*Durango Record.*

One of the youngest church edifice in the United States has the oldest steeple. It is the Episcopal church a Tacumsa, Washington Territory. The building is of logs and the tower is a tall fir tree which has been cut off forty feet from the ground, on the top of which is a cross and bell. The rings of the tree show it to be 300 years old.

It is estimated that a kangaroo eats as much as a sheep, and destroys as much as it eats by the skill with which it picks out the most succulent herbage.

During March, 1881, there were 162 sailing vessels and six steamers lost. Of the former sixty were English and twenty-four American. Of the atter three were English.

Mr. Beecher is steadily at work on the second volume o his Life of Christ.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Some of the samples of ice analyzed by A. Rudiger yielded large quantities of albuminoid ammonia.

M. Blondeau gives the following recipe for purifying and bleaching sponges: The sponges are first washed in tepid water and then in a solution of hydrochloric acid, which frees the pores from carbonate of lime. To bleach them they are immersed for twenty-four hours in a solution composed of five parts of hydrochloric acid to 100 parts of water, with the addition of six pints of hyposulphate of soda. In this way sponges may be bleached more effectually and rapidly than with sulphuric acid.

In the Comptes Rendus, No. 12, Professor S. P. Langley maintains that the total quantity of heat poured upon the earth by the sun is much greater than is generally supposed. Previous to the atmospheric absorption, this maximum must be nearer the violet than the red. If the whole of the rays of the sun reached us, the eye would receive a sensation of blue rather than white. The atmosphere of the earth, which we are accustomed to regard as transparent, acts as a strongly colored medium.

Oil of a green color, transparent and flowing freely, has been extracted by Dr. C. O. Cech from coffee. He is continuing his researches on this substance, and will publish the results by-and-bye. The coloring matter of the Rubus chamæmorus berries, he says, when boiled with cotton, wool and silk, impart to them readily an intense and permanent yellow, and, as the juice of the berries is altogether inocuous it might well be used as a cheap and useful dye for buff, amber and orange shades, and for giving white wines a Tokay or sherry color.

Steam-Power by Horse-Power.

A few days ago as we passed a door in Gold street, away down in the dense wholesale quarter, Maryantha said: "Billy is a turning that crank!" "Who's Billy?" said I. "Billy is Patrick's pardner," says Maryantha. "Let's go up and see him!" We went under a turning wheel and belt in a dirty alleyway, and up by several more wheels and belts and bits of shafting, winding up irregular stairs till my knees began to ache, and I said: "Is it a shot-tower?" "Take it slow," says Maryantha, never altering her gait; "I come up here every month." As we proceeded upward a noise as of a grist mill grinding increased in power, and also the sound of the cracking of a whip. The roofs of the surrounding blocks fell far beneath us, the panorama of both rivers extended to the neighboring green of Battery park, and the white light of heaven at afternoon filled every window and aperture.

"Here's Billy," exclaimed Maryantha, pushing open a door. We entered a little shanty built like a cupola on the dizzy summit of a decrepit and antiquated tenement roof, and there all alone fully 200 feet from the ground, was a gray, lean, starveling horse, hauling a lever or bar behind him in a circle. He stopped bolt still when he saw Maryantha, and this brought from some other spot of shelter, a little down the stairway, an aged Irishman with a whiplash well worn, which he cracked smartly and shouted: "Billy, git up, ye lazy crature! Why, Molly, how is the times wid ye, darlint?" Maryantha took an apple from her pocket and gave it to the horse, which I judged to be about of her own age, bordering on forty. From the same pocket she produced a pair of old cotton black gloves, newly darned, and said: "Patrick, they're done for you."

"Now, in the name of sense," said I, "what is this horse doing at this height above the ground?" "He's furnishin' stame power, sure enough," cried Patrick, hitting Billy over the raw with his whip-lash. "Steam power, do you say?" "Yis, indade. He turns the machinery in fifty shops below, for the cutler, the lathe-maker, the carpenter, the butter-churner, the box-maker and the cooper!" "And you sell this power made by the horse, as you would sell steam power from shafts and belting?" "That's it," exclaimed Patrick, "and by the same iligant invintion I have lived and brought up a family for twinty years. In the city of Bilfast it was my trade. Between Frankfort street and Wall street, east of Broadway, there be above twinty horses furnishing power like Billy there! G'lang, Billy, and let industry continue."

"How do you get the steed up here Pat?" "On the lift, Johnny. We hist him up once, and here he stays for life. When he is foolish enough to die, be jabers we lower him down upon the same lift and present him to the mayor and corporation."

"Then he never feels the solid ground under his feet at any time for years?" "Niver, but he has a good house under him, and a stable beyant there, upon the same iligant roof. A blacksmith shoes him when necessary or convanient. He takes all the national holidays ating oats, and ivery Sunday the swate church bells remind him that it's a day of rest, and he's av the highest blood in New York. Billy is the twelfth horse, my friend, that has divided me solitude, and me altitude, too, at No. — Gold street."

I turned to Maryantha and said: "How did you ever come to climb to the top of this house, my belle soeur?"

"Paid for it," exclaimed Maryantha, automatically. "A gentleman with an electric light wanted to get what he called the census, or senses, of this district, to know how many little shops and people used power. He supposed it was steam power; but I followed the belts and shafts up and discovered Billy, and Patrick, and lots of other horses."—*Johnny Bouquet, in New York Tribune.*

[Rockford (Ill.) Register.]

Fell Against a Sharp Edge.

This is furnished by Mr. Wm. Will, 1613 Frankford ave., Philadelphia, Pa.: Some time since I received a severe injury to my back, by falling against the sharp edge of a marble step, the stone penetrating it at least a half-inch, and leaving a very painful wound. After suffering for a time I concluded to apply St. Jacobs Oil, and am pleased to say that the results exceeded my expectations. It speedily allayed all pain and swelling, and by continued use made a perfect cure. I really think it the most efficacious liniment I ever used.

Aphorisms by Josh Billings.

Some of Josh Billings' aphorisms done into English spelling:

The man who gets bit twice by the same dog is better adapted for that kind of business than any other.

There is a great deal of religion in this world that is like a life-preserver, only put on at the moment of immediate danger and then half the time put on hind side before.

Experience is a school where a man learns what a big fool he has been.

The man who doesn't believe in any hereafter has got a dreadfully mean opinion of himself and his chances.

[Chambersburgh (Pa.) Herald.]

After vainly spending five hundred dollars for other remedies to relieve my wife, I have no hesitation in declaring that St. Jacobs Oil will cure Neuralgia, says M. V. B. Hersom, Esq., (of Pinkham & Hersom), Boston, Mass., an enthusiastic indorser of its merits.

To preserve the hair—Wash it in cold sage tea.

A Standard Article Everywhere.

It is a long way from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, but in all the vast area lying within those boundaries there is not a city, a town, village, settlement or camp where HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is not well known and in great demand. It is the great household medicine of the American people, and is taken everywhere as a safeguard against epidemics and endemics, as a remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness and irregularities of the bowels, as a cure for chills and fever and rheumatic ailments, as a sedative in nervous cases, as a wholesome exhilarant in hypochondria, and as a general invigorant and restorative. To the weak and drooping it imparts strength and vitality, bracing the relaxed nerves and rousing all the latent energies of the system. For years it has been the standard tonic and corrective of the western world.

A. S. Gardiner, of Ypsilanti, Mich., in response to a challenge to produce an ear of corn with 900 kernels on the ear, produced a basketful of ears averaging a foot in length and none having less than 900 kernels to the ear. One specimen had 1,269 kernels. The variety is a yellow-dented red cob, and was planted in hills four feet apart each way, and yielded 120 bushels to the acre.

Feels Young Again.

"My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy, inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady, in Providence, R. I.

It is said that on the coast of San Luis, Cal., the captain of the whalers last January shot a whale that was traveling south and struck him with a harpoon, but the rope had to be cut and the whale escaped. A short time since the same captain shot and captured a whale going north, which proved to be the same one, with the lost harpoon in his body.

Something Almost Marvelous

Is the steadily increasing power and popularity of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

"Glass silk" is largely used in Germany for filters. It is made by winding threads of glass on heated cylinders, and under the microscope the threads appear as fine as the ultimate fibers of silk or cotton.

Best Truss ever used; descriptive circulars free. N. Y. ELASTIC TRUSS CO., 683 Broadway, N. Y.

HOW TO SECURE HEALTH.

It is strange any one will suffer from derangements brought on by impure blood, when SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, or BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP will restore health to the physical organization. It is a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and the BEST BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered, curing Scrofula, Syphilitic disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria, Nervous disorders, Debility, Bilious complaints and Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, etc.

Tanner's German Ointment cures Burns, Cuts, Wounds, Sores, Sprains, Chilblains, etc., soothes inflammation, and relieves pain in the side, chest, shoulders, etc.

WARRANTED FOR 34 YEARS

AND NEVER FAILED

To CURE Croup, Spasms, Diarrhœa, Dysentery and Sea Sickness, taken internally, and GUARANTEED perfectly harmless; also externally, Cuts, Bruises, Chronic Rheumatism, Old Sores, Pains in the limbs, back and chest. Such a remedy is DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT.

☞ No one once trying it will ever be without it; over 600 physicians use it.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.		
Beef Cattle—Med. Nat. live wt.	10¾@	11¾
Calves—Poor to Prime Veals..	5 @	6
Sheep	6¼@	7
Lambs	7¾@	7¾
Hogs—Live	6 @	6¾
Dressed, city	7¾@	8
Flour—Ex. State, good to fancy	4 90 @	6 50
Western, good to fancy.	5 10 @	8 00
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 24½@	1 25½
No. 1 White	1 22½@	1 22¾
Rye—State	1 15 @	1 15
Barley—Two-rowed State	80 @	80
Corn—Ungraded Western Mixed	49 @	58
Southern Yellow	59 @	59
Oats—White State	51 @	54
Mixed Western	43½@	45
Hay—Medium to Prime, Tim'y	95 @	1 15
Straw—Long Rye, per cwt	1 10 @	1 15
Hops—State, 1880	12 @	23
Pork—Mess, old, for export	15 75 @	16 00
Lard—City Steam	10 85 @	10 85
Refined	11 10 @	11 20
Petroleum—Crude	6⅛@	7½
Refined	8 @	8
Butter—State Creamery, new	20 @	25
Dairy	13 @	18
Western Im. Creamery	16 @	22
Factory	9 @	14
Cheese—State Factory, new	8 @	11
Skims	3 @	8½
Western	3½@	12
Eggs—State and Penn	13 @	13½
Potatoes—State, bbl Early Rose	1 75 @	2 00
BUFFALO.		
Steers—Extra	6 40 @	6 60
Lambs—Western	6 25 @	7 00
Sheep—Western	6 35 @	6 40
Hogs, Good to Choice Yorkers	6 20 @	6 25
Flour—C'y Ground, No. 1 Spring	5 25 @	5 75
Wheat—No. 1 Hard Duluth	1 19 @	1 19
Corn—No. 2 Mixed	50½@	57
Oats—State	37 @	38
Barley—Two-rowed State	90 @	90
BOSTON.		
Beef—Western Mess	10 00 @	10 50
Hogs—Live	6¾ @	7¼
Hogs—City Dressed	8¾ @	8¾
Pork—Extra Prime per bbl	13 50 @	14 00
Flour—Spring Wheat Patents	6 75 @	8 00
Corn—Mixed and Yellow	60 @	63
Oats—Extra White	57 @	60
Rye—State	1 20 @	1 25
Wool—Washed Comb & Delaine	43 @	44
Unwashed " "	30 @	31
WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.		
Beef Cattle—Dressed weight	6½@	7¾
Sheep	5½@	6¾
Lambs	5¾@	7¾
Hogs	8 @	8
PHILADELPHIA		
Flour—Penn. good and fancy	5 12½@	5 25
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 24½@	1 24¾
Rye—State	1 06 @	1 08
Corn—State Yellow	54½@	54
Oats—Mixed	52½@	52½
Butter—Creamery Extra	28 @	28
Cheese—New York Full Cream	12½@	12½
Petroleum—Crude	6¼@	7
Refined	8 @	8½

Vegetine

CURED SCROFULA.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., July 18, 1877.

H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I can cheerfully recommend your VEGETINE as the "Great Blood Purifier." I have been ailing from Scrofula for years, and was cured by your VEGETINE. I keep it constantly on hand to keep my bowels regular, and am constantly recommending it to all whom I hear needing a remedy like yours. Truly yours,

JOHN McGETTIGAN.

Being personally acquainted with Mr. McGettigan, I can vouch for him as being reliable in his statement, as I have sold him VEGETINE.

DR. J. W. ABEL,
Druggist, 1024 Beach Street.

Vegetine.

Remarkable Cure of Scrofulous Face.

WESTMINSTER, Conn., June 19, 1879.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I can testify to the good effect of your medicine. My little boy had a Scrofula sore break out on his head as large as a quarter of a dollar, and it went down his face from one ear to the other, under his neck, and was one solid mass of sores. Two bottles of your valuable VEGETINE completely cured him. Very respectfully,

MRS. G. R. THATCHER.

Druggist's Report.

PHILADELPHIA, July 6, 1877.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.:

We have sold your VEGETINE for some years past and our customers recommend it as being the best and safest "Blood Purifier" in use. We have sold many articles of the same description, but VEGETINE gives the most universal satisfaction. We always recommend it with confidence.

HANSELL BROS.,
Druggists, 1626 Market Street.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

ALLEN'S Brain Food—cures Nervous Debility & Weakness of Generative Organs, $1—all druggists. Send for Circular. Allen's Pharmacy, 313 First av., N.Y.

$350 A MONTH! AGENTS WANTED! 75 Best Selling Articles in the world, a sample free. Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest Selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per ct. National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

YOUNG MEN Learn Telegraphy. Earn $40 to $100 a month. Graduates guaranteed paying offices. Add's Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Add's H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Add's TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which did them no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost, I know it. A Workingman."

St Louis makes the salaries of her firemen as follows: Chief, $3,000; first assistant, $2,000; four assistants, $1,600; clerk of the department, $1,350; engineer, $1,200; foreman, $1,020; firemen, $960; watchman, $840.

FROM R. F. LIEPANER, A. M., Red Bank, N. J. "Ely's Cream Balm Co., Owego, N.Y.: Gents—I have been troubled with Catarrh so badly for several years that it seriously affected my voice. I tried Dr. —— remedy without obtaining the slightest relief, but one bottle of your CREAM BALM did the work. My voice is fully restored and my head feels better than it has for years. I feel deeply indebted to you. Very truly, R. F. Liepaner. January 28, 1881."

"My son tried Ely's Cream Balm for cold in the head. After using it twice he felt no more distress or trouble in breathing. I recommend it above all other Catarrh remedies. It sells well with me. C. C. Hagenbuch, Druggist, Mahanoy City, Pa., February 4, 1881." Druggists' price, 50 cents; or we will mail it for 50 cents.

ELY CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, nervous prostration and all forms of general debility relieved by taking MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York.

VEGETINE is nourishing and strengthening, purifies the blood; regulates the bowels; quiets the nervous system; acts directly upon the secretions, and arouses the whole system to action.

No preparation ever discovered except CARBOLINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum, will really produce new hair on bald heads. It will be a happy day when the great army of bald-heads fully understand this.

PERRY DAVIS'

Pain-Killer

A SAFE AND SURE REMEDY FOR

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Dysentery.

Sprains AND Bruises, Burns AND Scalds, Toothache AND Headache.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

N Y N U——23

AGENTS WANTED FOR

BIBLE REVISION

The best and cheapest illustrated edition of the Revised New Testament. Millions of people are waiting for it. Do not be deceived by the Cheap John publishers of inferior editions. See that the copy you buy contains 150 fine engravings on steel and wood. Agents are coining money selling this edition. Send for circulars. Address

NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

CELLULOID EYE-GLASSES.

Representing the choicest selected Tortoise-Shell and Amber. The lightest, handsomest, and strongest known. Sold by Opticians and jewelers. Made by SPENCER OPTICAL M'F'G. CO., 13 Maiden Lane, New York.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S system. Office, 251 Broadway, New York. His book, with photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, mailed for 10c. Beware of fraudulent imitators.

NATIONAL TYPE CO

TYPE — Latest Styles. Largest Catalogue. Full information for 3-cent stamp. Lowest Prices. Best Assortment. — CUTS

PHILADELPHIA PA

CHEAPEST BOOKS IN THE WORLD Macaulay's History of England, 5 I'ge 12mo vols. cloth: only $2.00 Taine's History of Eng. Literature. 1 I'ge 12mo vol. handsomely bound. for only 50 cts. Full descriptive catalogue Free. MANHATTAN BOOK CO., 16 W. 14th St., N.Y. P.O. Box 4580.

EMPLOYMENT—LOCAL OR Traveling State which preferred. Also SALARY per month. All EXPENSES advanced. WAGES promptly paid. SLOAN & Co. 306 George St. Cincinnati. O.

RHEUMATISM—Positive Cure.—Any person afflicted with Rheumatism, of however long standing, can find a positive cure by purchasing Harrison's Radical Cure, price $1, postpaid on receipt of price. Add's H. J. Harrison, 56 W. 9th St., N.Y. City.

Agricultural, Grazing, Fruit and Timber Lands, in Ky. and Tenn., also Chattanooga City property. For catalogue address with stamp J. N. Brown & Co., 134 Vine St., Cincinnati, O.; Branch office, cor. 7th and Market Sts., Chattanooga, Tenn.

NEW AND ORIGINAL CHROMO CARDS. Complete set and two puzzles mailed for 10 cents. A. ROBINSON & CO., Box 1857, New York.

GET RIGHT.—THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT, with all the corrections, sent for 25 cts. Address H. A. LAPAUGH, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Sheet Music At Half Price. Add's for Catalogues, Erie Music Publishing Co., Erie, Pa.

PETROLEUM JELLY Sold by All Druggists.

Used and approved by the leading PHYSICIANS of EUROPE and AMERICA.

The most Valuable Family Remedy known.

VASELINE

For the Treatment of WOUNDS, BURNS, SORES, CUTS, CHILBLAINS, SKIN DISEASES, RHEUMATISM, CATARRH, HEMORRHOIDS, Etc. Also for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Croup and Diphtheria, etc. ☞ Try them. 25 and 50 cent sizes of all our goods.

The Toilet Articles from pure Vaseline—such as Pomade Vaselina, Vaseline Cold Cream, Vaseline Camphor Ice, Vaseline Toilet Soaps, are superior to any similar ones.

VASELINE CONFECTIONS. An agreeable form of taking Vaseline internally. 25 CENTS A BOX.

GRAND MEDAL AT THE PHILADELPHIA EXPOSITION. SILVER MEDAL AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

COLGATE & CO., N.Y.

DR METTAUR'S

Dr. METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS cure most wonderfully in a very short time both SICK and NERVOUS HEADACHE; and while acting on the nervous system, cleanse the stomach of excess of bile, producing a regular healthy action of the bowels.

HEADACHE

A full size box of these valuable PILLS, with full directions for a complete cure, mailed to any address on receipt of nine three-cent postage stamps. For sale by all druggists at 25c. Sole Proprietors,

BROWN CHEMICAL COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.

PILLS

TRADE **LONDON PURPLE** MARK

The best insecticide ever used for the destruction of the Potato Bug, Cotton Worm and Canker Worm. Sold by all wholesale druggists and stores throughout the United States. If not obtainable of nearest dealers send direct to sole manufacturers, HEMINGWAY'S LONDON PURPLE COMPANY (Limited), 60 Mark Lane, London, England. 90 Water St., N. Y. P. O. Box 990.

Prof. C. V. Riley says: "It can be more effectually sprinkled or sprayed on to the plant than Paris Green by virtue of its greater fineness."

Prof. C. E. Bessey says: "It quickly kills both the larvæ and the winged insect."

Prof. A. J. Cook says: With this cheap poison we have no longer reason to fear such enemies as the canker worm, &c."

St. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT

GERMAN REMEDY

FOR

RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO., *Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.*

Card Collectors!

1st. Buy seven bars DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP of your Grocer.

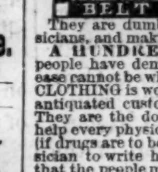
2d. Ask him to give you a bill of it.

3d. Mail us his bill and your full address.

4th. We will mail YOU FREE seven beautiful cards, in six colors and gold, representing Shakspeare's "Seven Ages of Man."

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,

116 South Fourth Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



"WILSONIA" Triumphant!!

The Downfall of Metallic Belts and Batteries and the Dangers resulting therefrom.

The "WILSONIA" MAGNETIC GARMENTS are the marvel of the world. They are dumbfounding the scientists and physicians, and making glad the hearts of the people. A HUNDRED and THIRTY THOUSAND people have demonstrated and can testify that disease cannot be where the "WILSONIA" MAGNETIC CLOTHING is worn; and this without the barbarous, antiquated custom of swallowing poisonous drugs. They are the downfall of quack nostrums, and will help every physician to become an honest man; and (if drugs are to be used at all) will compel every physician to write his prescription in plain English, so that the people may know what they are using. Physicians of the country who would consult their own best interests should make themselves acquainted with the "WILSONIA." Then will they become a blessing to the race, indeed, inasmuch as that while they are armed with so potent a remedy as the magnetic clothing the people would feel safe in their hands, and not (as now) be constantly changing their doctors. The "WILSONIA" MAGNETIC GARMENTS will cure every form of disease known to man. Send for circulars containing price list, testimonials and other interesting memoranda of the all-conquering "WILSONIA."

N. B.—STATE DISEASE AND SEND FOUR DOLLARS FOR A SAMPLE OF THIS WONDERFUL INVENTION. MONEY ORDER TO BE MADE PAYABLE TO WM. WILSON, 465 FULTON ST., BROOKLYN.

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

D I C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.

Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Columbia Bicycle.

A permanent practical road vehicle, with which a person can ride three miles as easily as he could walk one. Send 3-cent stamp for 24-page catalogue.

THE POPE M'F'G CO.,
564 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

SIX CTS WHY WANTS MONEY! Young man or old. If you want a Luxuriant mustache, flowing whiskers or a heavy growth of hair on bald heads, or to THICKEN, STRENGTHEN and INVIGORATE the HAIR anywhere don't be humbugged. Try the great Spanish discovery which has NEVER YET FAILED. Send ONLY SIX CENTS to Dr. J. GONZALEZ, Box 1642, Boston, Mass. Beware of all imitations.